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VOTES FOR WOMEN

EDITED BY FREDERICK AND EMMELINE PETHICK LAWRENCE

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FREE TUMBRILS FOR SUFFRAGETTES

CONDEMNED SUFFRAGETTES (singing the Marseillaise): "To Freedom's cause till death, we swear our fealty!"
MR. LLOYD GEORGE (Robespierre): "Those are not martyrs! Why, they've been provided with free tumbrils!"

(Mr. Zangwill, referring in a speech to Mr. Lloyd George's remark that the Suffragists thrown out of his meeting had their railway fares paid for them, said it was as though the French Revolutionists had consoled their victims by telling them they would have free tumbrils to the guillotine.)

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To the brave women who to-day are fighting for freedom: to the noble women who all down the ages kept the flag flying and looked forward to this day without seeing it: to all women all over the world, of whatever race, or creed, or calling, whether they be with us or against us in this fight, we dedicate this paper.

THE OUTLOOK

Private Members of the House of Commons will have another chance next week of showing of what material their pledges are made. On Monday or Tuesday the vote on Mr. Philip Snowden's Woman Suffrage Amendment to the Home Rule Bill will be taken; and Ministerialists will have placed before them the alternative of breaking faith with women or of coming into conflict with the wishes of the Government. If they fail women, once again on this occasion, surely the last flickering hope which some women still see in the private Member and his pledged word will have died out! On page 68 will be found a special interview with Mr. Snowden, and the nature and prospects of the amendment are further discussed in our leading article.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's Defence

A frantic effort has been made by the Labour Party in the House of Commons to prove that it is doing its duty by women, and that the hostile attitude towards it of the W.S.P.U. is wholly unreasonable. "When you have a bad case slang your opponent" is a well-known rule of controversy; and how bad Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's case must be may therefore be judged by reading his fulminations against the Women's Social and Political Union, extracts from which we print on page 76. The question at issue is whether the policy being pursued by the Labour M.P.'s is right or wrong. The question of the constitution of the W.S.P.U. is entirely irrelevant.

The Policy of the Labour Party

Now what are the facts? The Labour Party has been returned to the House of Commons pledged, among other things, to Woman Suffrage. It finds itself an integral part of the Coalition, the other two sections of which are the Liberal and Nationalist Parties. In each of these two sections there is a majority of individual Members pledged to Woman Suffrage, yet for their own purposes the leaders of the Liberal and Nationalist Parties claim the right to block Woman Suffrage, the Nationalists frankly stating that they are prepared to vote solid against it solely in the interests of Home Rule. In these circumstances the Labour Party have a plain duty to perform. Being individually united on the principle of Woman Suffrage, they ought as a solid Party to deliver an ultimatum to their colleagues of the Coalition; in this ultimatum they ought to make it clear that they are not prepared to allow the principles for which they stand to be subordinated to the interests of their colleagues, and that unless the two can be reconciled their support of the Coalition is at an end. This course they have refused to take, and in consequence they have become merely the tail of the Liberal dog, to be wagged to the right or the left as the dog wills. We are convinced that such a policy does not commend itself to those who have sent them to the House of Commons to make a fight for their principles.

Selling up Mr. Pethick Lawrence

On Thursday after we had gone to press the sale at The Mascot, Holmwood, Surrey, of the furniture and

effects of the Editors of this paper was due to take place. From the special article by Mr. Pethick Lawrence, printed on page 73, our readers will understand what this sale means, and why Mr. Pethick Lawrence is placing every obstacle that lies in his power in the way of the Government's securing the money. In view of the fact that the sale is not likely to realise the full amount demanded, and that there are also other claims outstanding, further developments of the situation are expected.

The Case of Miss Gladys Evans

The dastardly attempt of the Government to make Miss Gladys Evans serve a further term of imprisonment has signally failed. The magistrate has refused to revoke her license, and she is therefore again at liberty. It is well, however, that the public should realise just what the Government proposed, because we are well aware that it is only public opinion that prevents them from proceeding to any lengths, however cowardly and dishonourable, in their dealings with women. Miss Evans was sentenced, it will be remembered, to five years' penal servitude; she refused to be treated as a common criminal, and adopted the hunger strike. After a long process of forcible feeding, in which she was reduced to the point of death, she was at last set at liberty. But the Government, following the suggestion of an anonymous letter-writer to the *Irish Times*, instead of releasing her unconditionally, adopted the expedient of releasing her "on license." Miss Evans very naturally refused to comply with the degrading conditions of her license, and was arrested on Wednesday in last week and sent to prison for a week under remand. We understand she adopted the hunger strike, and on her appearance in court was in a terribly weak condition. The words of the magistrate are remarkable. It was difficult, he said, to carry out strictly the law in the case of people who were absolutely reckless of the consequences, for whom punishment had no terror, and penal servitude no shame. He could not entertain the idea of sending the prisoner back to penal servitude by revoking her license. The prisoner had brought more suffering on herself than the most merciless law could impose, and he thought the six days she had been in prison on remand were sufficient punishment for non-compliance with the law, possibly through a mistake. He therefore discharged her.

A Healthy Independence

An illuminating article appeared in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle* last Monday relating to the position of Woman Suffrage in the United States. After discussing the attitude of the women who were prepared to throw in their lot with one of the great parties, the writer came to the Women's Political Union, and of them she says:—

> I found myself amongst women who were Suffragists first, and would always be just Suffragists till they got the vote. I am careful to make that time limit, for so it is that the women who are working all the time for the Suffrage limit the time of their non-partisan existence. When questioned as to their politics, their answer is, "We have no politics till we have some use for them. Politics without a vote is like having something to say but being dumb. Give us the vote, and then by our ballots themselves we will answer your question!" In taking up this non-partisan position the "Suffragist first" women are showing keen sagacity and a real talent for political manipulation and wire-pulling of the smartest kind.

How refreshing it is to read in our Liberal papers this commendation of a healthy independence. But then we must remember it only relates to a foreign country!

This Week's Paper

We draw the attention of our readers to the letter from Mrs. Pethick Lawrence on page 68, in which she calls upon them to form a Votes for Women Fellowship. They will be interested also in the special account given to our representative by Frau Rosika Schwimmer of the political situation in Hungary, and of the militant action taken by Hungarian Woman Suffragists in the course of the last three years. An interview with Mr. Philip Snowden, in which he discusses the chances of the Suffrage amendment to the Home Rule Bill, appears on another page; and among the lighter features of the paper will be found an account of Miss Margaret Morris, the youngest of our present-day women theatrical managers.

Release of Miss Helen Craggs

As we go to press we learn that the Home Secretary has ordered the release of Miss Helen Craggs, who has thus served exactly ten days of her nine months' sentence. The reasons given by Mr. McKenna in the House of Commons for her release are that "she refused to take food and had to be fed artificially," and, further, that "her general health was weak and dangerous consequences might ensue." To us who can now read so easily between the lines of the official explanation, this answer of the Home Secretary simply means that another gallant soldier of the militant Suffrage army has been fighting the women's battle for ten days, alone behind prison bars, and her life has been the weapon with which she fought. That she has won through and regained her freedom, though so ill that "dangerous consequences" are feared, is matter for deep thankfulness on the part of all who know and admire her, and of all those for whom she fought. That a Liberal Government should have resorted once again to the hideous process of forcible feeding, which has now been denounced as torture on high medical authority, shows to what shifts they are reduced in their ignoble fight against women's liberty.

JOHN BROWN, THE LIBERATOR

By Joseph Clayton

On November 2, 1859, just fifty-three years ago, old John Brown, having been found "guilty of treason and of conspiring and advising with slaves and others to rebel, and of murder in the first degree," was sentenced to be hanged. What other verdict and sentence could be expected from a pro-slavery jury and a pro-slavery judge in Virginia, U.S.A., in that year of grace?

Had not John Brown, with his sons, forcibly arrested the advance of slavery in Kansas only a few years before, at the very time when the slave-holders were determined that their rule should be extended? Had he not helped many fugitive slaves to escape to Canada, in defiance of the law? Had he not, with a small band of eighteen men (two of whom were his sons, and two his sons-in-law), invaded Virginia, and, with the forlornest of forlorn hopes, seized Harper's Ferry by force of arms, determined that at all costs this slavery should not endure without strong protest? All that one man could do John Brown had done to rouse America to the iniquity in its midst. To him, at least, it was intolerable to rest quietly and wait patiently while men and women of the negro race were denied their freedom. For fifty years the thing had been denounced, while good people talked of "moral suasion," and trusted to time and reason to end the wrong. John Brown had no such confidence that moral suasion, time, and reason would suffice without strong action, and, convinced that on him was laid the burden to strike the blow for freedom, he struck, and all America felt the shock. Consider the provocation.

It was argued that slavery must be continued because it was "a principal cause of civilisation"; that education was not to be given to the slave because "he who works during the day with his hands does not read in intervals of leisure for amusement or the improvement of his mind. Would you do a benefit to the horse or the ox by giving him a cultivated understanding and fine feelings?" The same pro-slavery advocate, Chancellor Harper, of South Carolina, went further still in defence of all that made slavery unspeakably horrible:—

> The law has not provided for making the marriages of slaves indissoluble, nor could it do so. It may perhaps be said that the chastity of wives is not protected by law. It is true that the passions of the men of the superior caste tempt and find gratification in the easy chastity of the female slave. But she is not a less useful member of society than before. She has done no great injury to herself or any other human being; her offspring is not a burden, but an acquisition to her owner; his support is provided for, and he is brought up to usefulness. I am asked, how can that institution be tolerable by which a large class of society is cut off from improvement and knowledge, to whom blows are not degrading, theft no more than a fault, falsehood and the want of chastity almost venial; and in which a husband or parent looks with comparative indifference on that which to a freeman would be the dishonour of wife or child? But why not, if it produce the greatest aggregate of good? The African slave trade has given the boon of existence to millions in our country who would otherwise never have enjoyed it. It is as much the order of nature that men should enslave each other as that other animals should prey upon each other.

Was there not provocation for militant deeds in the face of this morality, when to be known as an abolitionist was to be in danger of lynch law, or only to be excused as a madman?

Yet when John Brown made his last speech, after sentence had been pronounced, he would not admit that he had been guilty of murder, treason, destruction of property, or insurrection. "I deny everything, but what I have all along admitted—the design on my part to free the slaves"—that was the whole offence. "Had I interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends—either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class—and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of God's despised poor, was not wrong, but right."

And from that belief John Brown, then in his sixtieth year, could not be moved. They kept him, badly hurt as he was when the fight at Harper's Ferry ended, heavily chained in Charlestown Prison, from October 17 till December 2, and then they hanged him; but "his soul went marching on."

In the last letter to his family, on November 30, Brown wrote: "I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind and cheerfulness, feeling the strong assurance that in no other way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of God and humanity, and that nothing that either I or all my family have sacrificed or suffered will be lost."

His very enemies testified to the complete sanity and great kindliness of heart of the man they put to death.

In Europe Victor Hugo hailed John Brown as a Liberator, and foretold truly enough that the achievement and death of John Brown made future compromises between slavery and freedom impossible in the United States.

Less than two years after John Brown's death and South and North in America were at civil war on the question of slavery. Another two years passed, and Abraham Lincoln, the President, proclaimed the abolition of slavery. Finally, in November, 1865, Congress declared slavery ended for ever.

And still, wherever men and women are struggling "to make the bounds of freedom wider yet," does the soul of old John Brown go marching on.

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CYNTHIA'S TORN BLOUSE

By Evelyn Sharp

The usual Sunday evening was in progress. Everybody had, as usual, consumed cold beef and baked potatoes and apple pie, and Cynthia and her mother had come in late from church, also as usual, and had obligingly eaten with speed so as to catch up the others at the apple pie. And afterwards, the two women of the family had cleared the table because the servants were out—another peculiarity of Sunday evening—while the boys and their father settled round the fire and asked genially at intervals if they could do anything to help. There was, in fact, nothing to distinguish it from any other Sunday evening the family had ever known, until Cynthia brought out a muslin blouse and began to mend it.

Nobody actually said anything. It was a family that prided itself on being unconventional. If father and the boys did not want to go to church on Sunday morning, for instance, they stayed at home. If they came home late from the City on a week day, too tired to dress for dinner—well, they didn't dress for dinner. It is impossible to say whether Cynthia and her mother would have been equally able to defy the conventions, because the situation simply never arose. They never dreamed of not going to church on Sunday morning, or of not dressing for dinner, however tired.

It was also a family that prided itself on having no serious differences of opinion. Family opinion was fixed by father with the assistance of the *Times;* and anybody who disagreed with him kept quiet about it, or mentioned it when he was not there. Cynthia, it is true, had a tendency to contradict her brothers; but as their mother was always at hand to smooth things over, this did not lead to any real breach of the peace. Besides, they were all sensitively fond of one another, and had an inherited dislike to what they called a scene. There were no scenes, from year end to year end, in that happy South Kensington home. It is no wonder that theirs was known as a united family.

Nevertheless, it was distinctly disturbing of Cynthia to begin mending a blouse on Sunday evening. Generally she sat, like her mother, with her hands before her, and made enough conversation to amuse her brothers and not enough to distract her father, who always read the *Observer* on Sunday evening as a sort of stop-gap between the *Times* of Saturday and the *Times* of Monday. To-night, absorbed in repairing the torn sleeve of her blouse, Cynthia did not make the slightest effort to amuse the boys; and the silence became oppressive, there being no precedent for silence on Sunday evening—or for needlework. Of course, she had sometimes sewn a button on a manly reindeer glove, to relieve the possible tension of Monday morning; but that was different. Gradually, as the evening crept on, Cynthia's torn blouse grew so obtrusive that it absorbed everybody's attention.

Her mother, trained by years of married life, was the first to detect something electric in the atmosphere.

"You haven't told us anything about your evening with Mrs. Manning, darling," she said to Cynthia.

"No," said Cynthia cheerfully, "I haven't." Everybody waited, but that was all. Evidently nothing more was forthcoming about her evening with Mrs. Manning.

"Who is this Mrs. Manning, anyway?" asked Billy, making hideous noises with his pipe before refilling it. "What's Manning, I mean?" he added.

"Molly is an old schoolfellow of mine," said Cynthia. "No; you wouldn't remember her, Jerry. I never brought her home. You wouldn't have liked her if I had."

"Why not?" instantly demanded an inquisitive chorus.

Cynthia threaded her needle before she spoke. "Well, you wouldn't," she said, and went on mending her blouse. "I know Billy is dying to call that feminine logic, so we'll take it as said, shall we?" she added pleasantly.

Her mother turned the conversation, which years of practice enabled her to do quite neatly. "Is there anything in the paper, dear?" she asked her husband.

A tremor ran down the *Observer*. "Magnificent speech by the Home Secretary," came in muffled tones from behind it. "He was opening that new Training College for Working Mothers in the East End, last night, you know. A—a most moving speech!"

"Oh, it wasn't!" said Cynthia.

The *Observer* suddenly fell, like a citadel before a conquering host.

"Really, Cynthia," said her father, annoyed but determined to be reasonable. "Have you read the Home Secretary's speech?"

"No—yes," stammered Cynthia, conscious that the eyes of the whole family were concentrated on her. Her own fell once more upon the blouse she was mending, upon the rent in the sleeve, just above the wrist. It seemed to give her a new sort of courage. "What right has a man like that to offer advice to working mothers—to any mother?" she cried hotly. "What does he know about the—the horrors of motherhood?"

There certainly had not been a Sunday evening like this one in the annals of the family. Billy, who abhorred unpleasantness, looked at his watch, and, lying bravely, said it was time to put the dog out. Jerry said hastily he would come and help him. Richard alone stayed where he was and gazed into the fire. Richard was the silent one of the family, and his opinion never counted for much, probably because he so rarely appeared to have one. The others, indeed, scarcely noticed that he had not gone out of the room with his brothers.

"'Pon my word!" said Cynthia's father, after a slight pause, in which he tried to think of something better to say and couldn't. He looked across the fireplace at his wife. She did not help him in the least. After twenty-seven years of married life, she failed him utterly. She did not even meet his appealing gaze, but looked away into the fire, as Richard was doing. In his helplessness, Cynthia's father lost his temper badly.

"Horrors of motherhood! Never heard of such a thing!" he exclaimed. "That's what one of those disgraceful women said last night, before she was turned out of the meeting. I am surprised at the *Observer* for reporting it—still more surprised, Cynthia, that you should have mentioned it. You'd better not read the Sunday papers in future." He picked up the *Observer*, which had slipped on to the floor, and rustled it savagely.

"I didn't read it in the paper," said Cynthia, her head still bent over her work, though she stitched no longer. "I—I was there. I heard the woman say it. I thought she was quite right."

Another horrid pause occurred. There were so many bewildering revelations in her trembling little speech that her father's head whizzed.

"Right?" he repeated finally, grasping feebly at her last word. "Right? To speak of the—the sacred duties and—and the privileges of motherhood as horrors? I—I—what are we coming to?" He pulled himself up, still anxious to be reasonable. Cynthia, he reminded himself, had always been impulsive. Someone had evidently been misleading her about things of which she was rightly ignorant. It was not fair to be angry with the child. He was just going to explain to her that he was not angry with her, though appearances might be against him, when Cynthia, who had reached the point at which she did not care whether he was angry or not, so long as she could make him understand what she meant, suddenly stood up and faced him, letting her workbag and all its contents slide unheeded to the floor.

"If you'd worked in the East End as I have," she said, with blazing eyes, "you'd know that no man in the kingdom has any right to talk sentimental stuff about motherhood, till mothers are allowed to *count* as human beings! To hear that hypocrite last night—oh, perhaps he isn't a hypocrite! Perhaps he's only ignorant, but in that case why is he masquerading as Home Secretary?—to hear him talking about what mothers ought to be, when he's done all he can to prevent them from getting the only thing that might help them to be better—oh, it was intolerable! If you didn't want me to know things as they are, you shouldn't have encouraged me to go and work in the slums."

The pitiful look in her father's face took all the fight out of her. In one bitter remorseful moment she made the discovery that although it is easy enough to pull down the barrier that veils the truth in every family circle, it is not so easy to destroy the affection that first built it up. "Don't look like that, daddy," she cried. "We'll talk about it another time."

He hardly seemed to hear her. "Cynthia," he said, "are you—are you a Suffragette?"

She laughed softly and shook her head. "I don't know," she confessed. "I didn't think so, till last night. I never met any of them before, or heard a political speech about anything. But it was easy to see that the Home Secretary didn't know what he was talking about. What's the use of advice about motherhood to women who have to bring babies into the world and look after four or five other children and a husband, all at once, in one squalid room, on a doubtful sixteen shillings a week? Advice! So when a woman got up and said so, I felt glad. And when they knocked her about and threw her out for saying it, I remembered all my poor mothers in Bow who couldn't be there to stand up for themselves, and I suddenly knew she was being knocked about for them; so, of course, I stood up too——"

The little group by the fire stirred with a new thrill.

"My darling! You?" breathed her mother.

"Oh, yes!" said Cynthia, a little wearily. "I was the woman who said that about the horrors of motherhood. There was such a howling uproar, I'm surprised the reporter heard. Perhaps he was the man who caught me when they pitched me off the platform." She looked from one to another of her listeners rather wistfully. "I think I'd better go to bed," she said. "Good-night."

Richard followed her upstairs. At the door of her room he tried harder than he had ever tried in his life to say something he really wanted her to know. But the words wouldn't come; so she never knew. It is like that in families.

Downstairs, Cynthia's father and Cynthia's mother sat on opposite sides of the fireplace, with the torn muslin blouse lying on the ground between them.

"Can't you say something?" he said testily. "What's the meaning of it all?" That had been his unvarying question whenever anything had gone wrong in the twenty-seven years that lay behind them both; and hitherto his wife had always been ready with a soothing reply.

It was on the tip of her tongue to-night. It would have been so easy to smile across at him and tell him to leave it to her, and she would have a talk with the child and put it right, and he was not to worry any more about it. That was what she would have said to him on any other Sunday evening that had gone before; and he sat there, pathetically waiting for her to say it.

For a moment she nearly yielded to the temptation. She had followed the line of least resistance so long that it rent her in two to strike out a new one for herself that might lead her away from him. But it was impossible to tell the old lies any longer, with Cynthia's torn blouse lying on the ground between them.

"The meaning of it?" she said. "It means that we have a daughter who isn't afraid to speak the truth and shame the devil—and—and we ought to be very proud of her. Did you hear me, James? I said *proud* of her!"

He looked at her, startled. It was not at all the way he was accustomed to being soothed when he was upset. Then it slowly dawned upon him that for once it was not he who wanted soothing.

"There, there!" he heard himself saying. "Supposing you leave it to me! I'll have a talk with the child and put it right, and you're not to worry your head about it another minute!"

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HOME RULE BILL

Woman Suffrage Amendment Next Monday
Special Interview with Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P.

The next important debate on Woman Suffrage in the House of Commons will take place on Mr. Philip Snowden's proposed amendment to the Home Rule Bill.

Knowing the importance of first-hand information, I sought a special interview with Mr. Philip Snowden on the matter. He first of all explained to me the precise nature of the amendment. The Bill as it stands proposes to create in Ireland a Senate and House of Commons, and the latter is to be elected by the "Parliamentary electors," that is to say, it will be elected by the same persons as are for the time being the electors of the Imperial House of Commons. The effect of Mr. Snowden's amendment is to substitute for the Parliamentary electors all those persons who are on the register for Irish Local Government purposes. As the only difference at present between the Irish Parliamentary electors and the Irish Local Government electors is that women are excluded from the former, the effect of Mr. Snowden's amendment is the enfranchisement of women for the purposes of the Home Rule Bill.

According to the time-table in the House of Commons, Clause 9 of the Bill, to which the amendment is to be moved, will be discussed on Monday and Tuesday in next week, and I gathered from Mr. Snowden that he expected that the debate would come on late on Monday evening.

The most important question I had to ask Mr. Snowden related to the possibility of the amendment being withdrawn. Rumours had been going about, I reminded him, that there was some suggestion of a compromise with the Irish Members by which in return for some promise in regard to the Reform Bill the amendment would not be pressed.

"You have my authority," said Mr. Snowden, "to give that rumour an absolute denial from me. I have no intention whatever of withdrawing the amendment."

"Is there any risk," I then asked, "that the Chairman of Committees will make use of his authority under the Kangaroo closure to prevent any discussion on the Amendment?"

"Of course, I cannot tell what is in the mind of the Chairman of Committees," Mr. Snowden replied, "but I think that any such action is most unlikely, and it would certainly be very keenly resented by many members of the House of Commons, who realise that the question is highly important."

On the prospects of the success of the amendment Mr. Snowden was not prepared to express any opinion, stating that he had not heard definitely whether the Government intended to put on their official Whips to tell against it. In the Lobby I gathered the opinion that it was expected they would do so, and it was reckoned as certain in advance that the amendment would have the united opposition of the Irish Party.

It may be taken for granted that all the suffragists on the Unionist side will support the amendment, and some or all of the Unionist Anti-suffragists may take the same course in view of the fact that though they oppose Votes for Women for the Imperial Parliament, they profess themselves favourable to giving women a full share in local government. But the most important question is how far the suffragist members of the Liberal and Labour parties will act up to their pledges to women, or once more sacrifice their principles to the desire to support the Liberal party.

We are informed by the Irish Women's Franchise League that every Irish Member of Parliament has been approached during the past few days on the subject of Mr. Philip Snowden's amendment to the Home Rule Bill. They ask all their friends to follow up these interviews with letters urging the support of the amendment on November 4, the date on which it is expected to come before the House.

In the House of Commons on Thursday, October 24, Mr. MacCaw asked whether, under the provisions of the Government of Ireland Bill, the Irish Parliament could pass a law permitting women to be nominated to the Irish Senate and elected to the Irish House of Commons; and, if so, would such women Members of the Irish House of Commons be eligible to be summoned to the British House of Commons under the provisions of Clause 26 of the Government of Ireland Bill?

Mr. Birrell: The answer to the first part of the question is in the negative. The second part of the question does not therefore arise.

MILITANT WELSHWOMEN

At a general meeting of the Cymric Suffrage Union, held at the International Suffrage Shop, Adam Street, Strand, on Wednesday evening, Mrs. W. A. Thomas (president) in the chair, the following resolution was carried by a large majority:—

"The Cymric Suffrage Union, which was originally formed for propaganda work only, feels its position to be changed by the treachery of the Government in bringing in the Manhood Suffrage Bill. The Union, therefore, has decided that, should the Reform Bill pass without the inclusion of women, it will have to reconstruct its policy, as a continuation of educational methods alone would not only be useless, but a menace to the cause of Woman Suffrage. The Union further pledges itself to oppose this or any Government which refuses the vote to women."

A HUNGARIAN MILITANT

The International character of the Woman Suffrage movement will interest our readers most from the point of view of practical politics, and it was interesting to find, in the course of a conversation with Frau Rosika Schwimmer, one of the Hungarian delegates to the Men's International Conference, that we were not only talking to a fellow Suffragist, but to a fellow militant, who, in her own country, has been forced by the intrigues of political parties to the adoption of a certain measure of militant action.

In Hungary the position of Woman Suffrage is in some ways analagous to its position over here. A so-called Liberal Government is in power there, and has a Manhood Suffrage Bill on its programme; and the object of the Hungarian Woman Suffragists, who are happily united in this sound and practical policy, is to ensure that women shall be incorporated from the first in the Government Bill on equal terms with men. The Prime Minister is so far a Suffragist that he intimated a wish to receive a deputation on the subject before being asked to do so, and to this deputation, on August 26, he admitted his willingness to incorporate women in the Bill, though not necessarily on equal terms, "should his political friends agree to this," thus, as Frau Schwimmer pointed out, leaving himself a loophole of escape. The fact that the Government is known to favour the movement, even lukewarmly, is, however, of some assistance to Hungarian Suffragists, who have accordingly been free to turn their attention to the Opposition. It happens that the official Opposition to the Government is also the party that opposes Woman Suffrage, for, although it is a coalition Opposition, the vast majority of its members are Socialists, and in Hungary the Socialists are openly opposed to granting the vote to women. Their one aim is to secure the passage of a Manhood Suffrage Bill, which will extend the franchise to the working men who are at present entirely excluded from the Parliamentary register, and they are bitterly opposed to any suggestion of including women in the Bill.

"That Dreadful Schwimmer"

For the last three years, therefore, the Hungarian Woman Suffragists, under the able leadership of Frau Schwimmer and others, have made a point of attending every meeting held on the subject of the Franchise, and at the close of the speeches have raised their voices to ask leave to move a Woman Suffrage amendment to the Manhood Suffrage resolution. Merely for making this request, the women have been hustled, and finally ejected from the meeting, Frau Schwimmer herself having been repeatedly struck in the process of ejection. They have suffered all the misrepresentation that has been endured by their English sisters, have been called hooligans, and dubbed undemocratic, though most of them used to belong to the Progressive parties in politics. Frau Schwimmer laughed as she told how she was described to her face as "that dreadful Schwimmer," and how thoroughly she enjoyed her listener's discomfiture when she disclosed her identity. How familiar it all sounds!

In the course of three years, however, the women, by their pluck and eloquence, have won many adherents. Hungarian law, says Frau Schwimmer, is on the whole just to women, and the Hungarian, when not corrupted by party passion, is also just. So the militant Suffragists in Hungary now find that the audiences at franchise meetings are largely favourable to them. They now insist that the women's amendment should at least be moved; and although in most cases it is not voted upon, in those cases where a just chairman has put it to the vote it has been invariably carried unanimously. For all that, the prospect of their being included in the Bill when it comes before Parliament is not a sure one, the militancy of the Socialists—it will be remembered

FRAU ROSIKA SCHWIMMER

that in the Franchise riots caused by them last May both women and children were killed—having intimidated the Government to such an extent that it is an open secret that they have formed a compact with the Socialists to frame the Bill in such a way as to secure to that Party at least twenty seats at the next general election, and to leave the women out of the Bill altogether. If this should really prove to be the case when the Government introduces the Bill, the women are assured by their friends in Parliament that an amendment will be moved to bring them into the Bill, and that there is a certain majority for the amendment in the House. Again—how familiar it all sounds!

Frau Schwimmer has kindly given us her consent to publish her photograph. It is that of a typical militant Suffragist—for it is not to be distinguished from the photograph of any other charming woman.

CELTIC CHIVALRY

Said George, "It's a falsehood, I swear,
That we tore out the Suffragettes' hair!"
Which is all very well,
But he couldn't quite tell
How the photographs came to be there!

—The World.

A "VOTES FOR WOMEN" FELLOWSHIP

A Call from Mrs. Pethick Lawrence

Dear Friends,—Through the pages of Votes for Women my husband and I, as co-editors of the paper, have entered into fellowship with you and are one with you in the bond of common purpose. It is our desire that this relationship shall be continued, strengthened, and extended. Though standing outside all political parties and outside all societies, we are in close touch with the awakened and militant spirit of womanhood all over the world, and this spirit will continue to find expression through the medium of these columns. We are devoting the time and the energy released by recent circumstances from other arduous tasks to the development of Votes for Women as a broad and vigorous feminist paper worthy of the world-wide Woman's Movement.

But we do not seek to accomplish this purpose alone. Our Movement rests upon the recognition of the great fact of the solidarity of womanhood. We need your services as much as you need ours, and the success of this enterprise depends upon you as much as it depends upon us. Votes for Women has been deprived of the support supplied by a great organisation. That loss has to be made good in many ways. Its readers must now be brought into closer association. The sense of spiritual fellowship must be deepened and that spirit must find practical outlet. They must share the work of bringing the paper to the attention of the general public by the exhibition of posters, by the sale at public meetings and in public places, and must help to ensure its prosperity by supporting the advertisers.

In suggesting and seeking this co-operation, it is necessary perhaps to state explicitly that my husband and I give all our services without financial return of any kind, and that all profits that are not devoted to the development and improvement of the paper will be given to the Suffrage Movement. It is for impersonal and not for personal services that this association must be formed. We have already received a spontaneous gift of five guineas to be devoted to the exhibition of posters at railway stations and other prominent pitches. And I propose to start forthwith a special Poster Fund. We shall endeavour to secure that the posters are shown in the locality in which the donor lives and to develop a voluntary system of inspection. We shall also form an organised association of paper sellers.

Will all our friends who are prepared to join a **"VOTES FOR WOMEN" FELLOWSHIP** and to co-operate in practical schemes of organisation send in their names to me at the new Editorial and Publishing Offices, 4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

Yours in service to a common ideal and purpose,

Emmeline Pethick Lawrence.

NEW PLAY AT THE CRITERION

"Tantrums" is as irritating a play as its title would lead us to expect. It is neither good farce nor good comedy, though there are farcical situations in it that evoke genuine laughter—such as, for instance, the humorous entry of the hero in the first act, the moment after the hot-tempered heroine has thrown a vase out of the window and crushed his hat. The idea of the play is too good for farce, however; and a real comedy might have been written round the two central figures—the man who marries the shrew in order to tame her, and the shrew who marries the man in order to pay him out for wanting to tame her. As it is, one's sense of realism and one's taste are alike violated, again and again, during the play, for what is permissible in farce becomes intolerable in serious comedy; and although it is true that the woman scores, and scores very wittily, in the end, her victory might have been won as completely and less sententiously if the author had made up his mind from the beginning whether he meant to write a wild, improbable piece of fooling, or a play with a moral in it. The girl and boy who, in the first act, are fighting tooth and nail, and throwing the furniture about, are not the two solemn young prigs who fire maxims at one another in the last act; not even two months of bad cooking could have effected such a transformation. The admirable acting of Miss Marjorie Day as the heroine gave Mr. Frank Stayton's play every chance; and one wishes that he had given Miss Christine Silver and Mr. O. B. Clarence as much opportunity of developing two minor parts in which they are, as usual, excellent.

MISS GLADYS EVANS FREE

As we announced last week, Miss Gladys Evans was re-arrested the first time she went out of the house in which she had been lying ill since her release from Mountjoy Prison. We now learn that as soon as she had passed through the gate she was arrested by men in plain clothes, who murmured something about "reporting." Miss Evans said, "You don't know whether I am going to report myself." Her friend asked, "Is she arrested before you know whether she is going to report or not?" She was taken to the Bridewell, charged with not reporting herself, and sent back to Mountjoy Prison. Later she was remanded in custody for a week, bail being refused. She was at once taken to hospital, and it is understood that she immediately entered upon a hunger-strike.

On Tuesday afternoon in the Northern Police Court, Dublin, Miss Gladys Evans was brought up on remand on the charge that, being a convict on licence in the Dublin Metropolitan Police district, under the Penal Servitude Acts, she failed to notify to the proper authority, the Chief Inspector of Police, her change of residence from Mountjoy Prison to 39, Raglan Road.

The court was crowded when Mr. Macinerney, K.C., took his seat. Miss Evans looked extremely pale and ill.

Mr. Henry MacDermot (instructed by Sir Malachy Kelly, Chief Crown Solicitor) appeared on behalf of the Crown in the matter, and Mr. Gerald Byrne appeared for Miss Evans.

Mr. MacDermott having reviewed the circumstance of her re-arrest, as reported in this paper last week, Chief-Inspector Brien had his deposition read over to him.

Cross-examined by Mr. Byrne

Were you aware that Gladys Evans was about being released by order of his Majesty the King?—Not until after she was released.

When did you first hear that she was about to be released under license from the King?—After she was released, on the next day.

Were you aware of the state of health she was in when she was released?—No.

Were you aware where she went to when she was released?—Yes, a couple of days after her release.

Who told you she went to Raglan Road?—It was officially reported to me by some of the officers about the place.

And you immediately sent down to see if she was there?—Well, we served a notice on her there the next day.

Are you aware, officially or not, that she was released on account of the state of health she was in?—So I heard.

Did you ever see the licence that was granted to her?—No.

Will you swear, because it is one of the reasons for keeping this unfortunate creature in jail for a week, that it was a condition of her licence that she was to report herself?—I know it is one of the legal conditions.

Although you never saw the document?—I saw the notice served on her, but I never saw the actual release.

Perhaps you have been too hasty?—I think not.

Mr. Mcinerney: That is a statutory condition.

Mr. Byrne (to witness): Have you got a copy of the licence issued by the Chief Secretary?—It is not for me to produce it, but I understand it is here.

Mr. MacDermott: We have it.

Mr. Mcinerney: Of course, this witness only carried out the arrest under instructions.

Mr. Byrne: On October 5 the witness admits that he knew the prisoner was living with Mrs. Earle, to whom she had been handed by the Governor of the prison as a dying person. What he now charges her with is that on October 3, the very day she was released, she failed to report herself. Did ever anyone hear of such a thing in their born days? To Witness: What was the use of writing to her to notify her residence when you had your men on her very doorstep? How many men had you on her doorstep?—I could not tell you. I had nothing to do with that.

Mr. Mcinerney: All he knows is that officially she did not report her place of residence, and that in consequence of that he was instructed to arrest her. This witness cannot prove that she was in a dying condition or that she had been handed over to Mrs. Earle.

Mr. Byrne proceeded to read the licence of release, which recited that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to grant to Gladys Evans (B 352), convicted of arson on August 6, 1912, a licence to be at large from the date thereof until the expiration of her five years' penal servitude, unless before the expiration of said term she was convicted of some offence within the United Kingdom, in which case said licence would be immediately forfeited by law. That licence was given subject to certain conditions endorsed upon it, the breach of which would render it liable to be revoked. It was not revoked yet, and still Miss Evans had been arrested and kept in prison for a week. Mr. Byrne went on to recite the conditions printed on the licence. The first was that the holder should preserve it and produce it when required to a magistrate or police official. That had been officially struck out on Miss Evans' licence. Then there was the condition that the holder should not associate with bad characters or thieves. That was also struck out. A third condition was that the holder should not lead an idle and dissolute life. That was struck out, too. The only condition left in was that "the holder shall abstain from any violation of the law"— in other words, that he or she should not commit any offence. Did it mean then, asked Mr. Byrne, that Miss Evans, on what might have been her death bed in Mrs. Earle's house, and after having been discharged from prison after she could not be kept there any longer, was to get up and go to report herself to police officers who already knew her whereabouts? He asked the Court strongly to hold that the fact of Miss Evans not reporting herself was not a violation of her licence.

Mr. MacDermot, before putting in further documentary evidence, briefly reviewed the sections of the two Acts of Parliament under which the charge was brought, and contended that within forty-eight hours after this lady's release she was bound to notify her place of residence to the police.

Mr. Byrne, in reply, urged that this particular licence on its face showed that the Lord Lieutenant, by virtue of his powers, had dispensed with the sections on which the Crown relied.

Mr. Mcinerney: He may have done so by implication, but I think the licence was issued subject to the conditions which the police insist on of the holder being obliged to report residence.

Evidence of Miss Evans' imprisonment and release having been given, Mr. Byrne then addressed the Court. He asked his worship to hold that the sections which had been quoted by Mr. Macdermot did not apply in that case. He ridiculed the contention of the Crown that the police did not know where Miss Evans was. Such a belief was absurd and ridiculous, and should not for a moment be entertained, when, as a matter of fact, from the day Miss Evans entered Mrs. Earle's house the police had two constables stationed at the front door, two at the back, and, he believed, actually one on the roof (laughter).

Mrs. Earle gave evidence as to Miss Evans' state of health.

Mr. Macinerney said the charge in substance was that the prisoner failed to report herself or her change of residence. To do so was a statutory condition of the licence, which he held had not been dispensed with by the release. It had been proved that she did not report herself, and the only exemption from the prescribed order was where it was shown that the person had done the best thing to report.

Mrs. Earle, interposing, said she had gone to Sir John Ross at the Castle two days after Miss Evans' release, and told him her whereabouts.

Mr. Macinerney: Did Miss Evans know that?—Mrs. Earle: She was too ill to know.

"For Whom Punishment has no Terror"

Continuing, Mr. Macinerney said it was extremely difficult to carry out the law strictly, not to say ruthlessly, in the case of people who were absolutely reckless of the consequences, for whom punishment had no terror—penal servitude no shame, the law no effective sanction. In the case of women, that difficulty grows into a moral impossibility because public opinion, which is stronger than law and common humanity, which is stronger than either, forbade that a woman should be allowed to commit suicide whatever might be her offence, which according to the doctrines of Christianity involved destruction both of soul and body. Under those circumstances he could not entertain the idea of sending the prisoner back to penal servitude by revoking the licence which the Lord Lieutenant, in the exercise of his high prerogative of clemency, had, in the name of His Gracious Majesty and with the courage of true humanity, been graciously pleased to grant. Dealing with the case on the alternative penalty, viz., imprisonment, he had come to the conclusion that the prisoner had brought more suffering on herself than the most merciless law would impose, and that the six days' imprisonment she had undergone was sufficient punishment for not complying with the law. He would treat the charge as amounting to mere inadvertence rather than to resistance to the law, and in any case the prisoner, by the six days she had been in prison on remand, had been amply punished for any technical offences she had committed. He would, therefore, discharge her with a caution.

Miss Evans, before leaving the dock, made the following statement:—

However many times I am re-arrested I will never comply with any rules, regulations, or conditions in connection with my discharge. It is an attempt on the Government's part to fetter my liberty and treat me as a ticket-of-leave convict. I appeal to the public to say whether this Government has ever shown that consideration to Suffragettes that it claims should be accorded to people who commit offences in the struggle for political emancipation—stating that these people should never be treated as criminals in the ordinary sense

In the House of Commons

In the House of Commons on Monday last, Mr. Lansbury asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland what is the reason that Gladys Evans has been re-arrested; what were the conditions attaching to her release; did she agree to those conditions, and which rule or condition has she broken; and whether one condition was that she should on no occasion leave her place of residence?

Mr. Birrell: Gladys Evans was re-arrested for failure to comply with the statutory obligation under the Penal Servitude Acts to notify to the police her place of residence. The conditions of her licence were that she should abstain from any violation of the law. There was no such condition as that referred to in the last paragraph of the question.

(It will be noticed that the important point in the question remained unanswered.)

THE LORD CHANCELLOR GIVES PRIZES BUT NOT VOTES

Prize-Winners' Protest

The Lord Chancellor (Viscount Haldane) in the course of a speech at the Guildhall on Friday evening, October 25, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes and certificates to the students of the City and Guilds of London Institute, was subjected to a series of interruptions.

During the actual distribution (says a correspondent, B. F.), a lady prize winner was seen to make her way in a slow and dignified manner to the immediate front of the Lord Chancellor's seat, and on Mr. Haldane's bending forward to hear what she said, she surprised him very much by enquiring, "Why don't you give Votes to Women instead of giving them prizes?" This lady then returned to her seat, and the distribution continued. At its conclusion Lord Haldane was called upon to address the meeting, but he had hardly started when a lady in evening dress seated close to him, addressed a remark to him which was not perfectly audible. The Lord Mayor requested her to repeat her words, which she did, and they then revealed themselves as "Why does not Mr. Haldane use his influence to get Votes for Women?" Immediately several policemen darted into the hall, and on the Lord Mayor's "Take that woman away!" the lady was escorted to the outer world amid applause. The Lord Chancellor then resumed, but when he alluded to the women of the country, another lady rose, and asked, "Why don't you give them votes then?" "Turn her out," shouted the Lord Mayor again, and his command was obeyed. At the door, however, the lady replied to his challenge by a defiant cry of "Votes for Women!"

Once more Mr. Haldane started, and very soon after another lady attempted to interrupt. She was, however, immediately pounced upon by a plain clothes policeman sitting next to her, who covered her face with a large—and possibly clean—hand so as to render her remarks unintelligible. Several men hustled her to the door, amid cries of "Shame!" but on the threshold she managed to release herself for a moment, and once more the battle-cry of "Votes for Women" echoed through the hall.

This was too much for the Lord Mayor. He rose, and saying that he was master there, requested any ladies holding the same opinions as the ladies ejected to leave the hall. To everyone's great surprise, three of the lady prize winners rose and made a dignified exit. When they had also left, the Lord Mayor continued, saying, "We are not here to discuss politics, but for the benefit of the whole nation" (a naïve confession of the probable result of present day politics).

At this point the writer—who, being a mere man, had not availed himself of the Lord Mayor's previous invitation — rose and drew Mr. Haldane's attention to the fact that Votes for Women would benefit the whole nation. The Lord Chancellor, however, did not appear to be interested, and the interrupter was removed by sundry police.

Another correspondent says that the Lord Mayor shouted "Clear him out! Clear the man out!" amidst uproarious laughter, and further states that Lord Haldane appeared to be highly amused at the way the interrupters were ejected, and quite unconcerned.

The *Morning Advertiser* says that at one point Lord Haldane remarked, "You see the ladies occupy a good deal of my attention. It would never do, like Paris, to throw an apple at them at this moment."

MILITANT OUTBREAKS

Various pillar-boxes in the Birmingham area, says the *Westminster Gazette*, have been damaged by Suffragettes. The time-plates were smashed, and inside the boxes were found slips marked "Votes for Women." Two anonymous letters received at the local office of the *Daily Chronicle*, says that organ, gave the first information, and were handed to the police. London policemen, said the *Daily Express* on Monday, were keeping a watchful eye last night on all pillar-boxes on their beats. It was necessary because of a series of daring outrages in the Ilford district by women who, by pouring chemicals, tar, and jam into letter-boxes, have destroyed many letters. That this wilful destruction is the work of Suffragists is proved by a letter which was dropped into a pillar-box in Sunnyside Road, Ilford, the contents of which had first been ruined with tar and acids. The letter was as follows:—

"This is hateful work, but the Government must be made to see that there can be no law or order until women get the right to vote." A number of women, some fashionably dressed, and carrying hand-bags, were seen making the round of the pillar-boxes shortly before the outrage was discovered. In each case they chose a fairly quiet road, and then, pretending to post a letter, poured the mixtures in the letter-box. The wall letter-boxes, as well as the pillar-boxes, were treated in this fashion, and the postmen making the Saturday afternoon collection in Balfour Road, Park Avenue, and Grosvenor Road found a jammy, charred mass of correspondence in nearly every box they opened.

LIVERPOOL SUFFRAGETTE CHARGED

Miss Mary Cooper, of Birkenhead, was charged at Liverpool on Tuesday with setting fire to a pillar-box on Monday night. Miss Cooper's right hand was bandaged, and her arm was in a sling. Mr. Duder, the prosecuting solicitor, stated that two gentlemen said she put her hand into the opening of the pillar-box, and that her hand seemed to be in flames. She then boarded a passing tram-car, but the gentlemen had the car stopped and she was given into custody. When charged she said, "I did it as a Suffragette. I wish to point out I did not do it for amusement. I had a reason." Mr. Duder further stated that the fire had been caused by a substance resembling ink, and analysis would be necessary.

Mr. Lynskey, the solicitor for the defence, in applying for bail, said Miss Cooper belonged to a respectable family, and was being educated at Liverpool University.

Mr. Duder opposed bail. This, he said, was a deliberate attempt to damage the Postmaster-General's property, and the Bench could not shut their eyes to what was going on in other parts of the country. The Suffragette campaign had now reached Liverpool, for on the same evening as the accused committed her offence there were three other cases of similar damage to post-boxes and their contents. Bail was refused.

AN EDINBURGH SUFFRAGETTE

As a sequel to Sir Rufus Isaacs' meeting at Edinburgh on October 4, Miss Moorhead, one of those ejected, was on Friday last arrested and taken to the Edinburgh Police Court, where she was charged with assaulting Mr. Peter Ross, an Edinburgh schoolmaster, with a riding whip. While still untried and awaiting her bail, she was asked to submit to being weighed and measured, a proceeding which she thought illegal. She therefore refused and resisted. Six police officers tried to force her to yield, while one woman attendant looked on. Miss Moorhead's resistance was successful, and the six officers left her cell baffled, but not without leaving her considerably hurt, her arms and wrists being badly twisted. As a protest Miss Moorhead smashed seven panes of glass in her cell. She is now further charged with malicious damage.

ARE WOMEN MILITANT?

There are agitated Imperialists going about in abject terror lest a feminine majority in the ballot-boxes will mean that we shall give up our British Empire without a murmur. Non-militant! The deities of Truth deliver us! Why, half the members of a male Cabinet are rumoured to be going in terror of an attack because they will not give way to the women's demands. Or if they do not fear for their bodies, their carefully prepared speeches don't get much chance. — **G. R. S. T. in the Daily Herald.**

MISS HELEN CRAGGS

In spite of the activities of members of the W.S.P.U. at their local demonstrations and in the East End, and notwithstanding relentless rain, a fair number gathered on Saturday afternoon last in Kingsway and walked with banners flying through pools of water and mud to Holloway Prison. A short meeting was held. Mrs. Drummond spoke on militant tactics, and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst pointed out that the imprisonment of Miss Craggs was simply an incitement to those outside to go further. A resolution approving her protest and calling for her release was passed unanimously. After the meeting a crowd gathered outside the prison and cheered heartily; in answer a white handkerchief was waved from one of the windows.

RELEASED!

As we went to press the news reached us of Miss Helen Craggs' release. In the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Touche asked where Miss Craggs was imprisoned, whether she had adopted the hunger strike, and whether she was being forcibly fed. Mr. McKenna replied: "This prisoner was in Holloway Prison. She refused to take food, and had to be fed artificially. As her general health is weak, and dangerous consequences might ensue, she is being released to-day." (Cries of "Oh, oh!")

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TO ALL WOMEN WORKERS.

The woman worker is everywhere to-day, and the field of feminine labour is being extended daily. The girl who earns her own living is naturally proud of the "glorious privilege of being independent"; but sometimes she forgets that overwork and lack of proper nourishment do not go well in harness together. The "haphazard diet" habit holds many of them in thrall, so much so that they take large quantities of indigestible or unsuitable foods into their sensitive systems every day. Mr. Eugen Sandow, the great physical culturist and health specialist, has done women workers a great service by introducing a cocoa that is at once light, palatable, easy of digestion, and far superior to tea or coffee as an appetising and health-giving stimulant. Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa is an ideal beverage for all women workers, for it is not only an ideal refreshment, but is rich in the elements of nutrition, and is good all through. Special "wind-sifting" and other secret processes are employed in its manufacture which remove all the objections usually advanced against cocoa, and all workers should at least give Sandow's Cocoa a trial. It can be obtained everywhere in various quantities at 3d., 4½d., 7½d., and 1s. 3d. Anæmic girls who lack "beauty's ensign," the red lips and the rosy cheeks, will find Sandow's Cocoa a splendid tonic and blood-maker.

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

A wonderful book is the story of a Russian child emigrant to America which has just been published under the title "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin—a living, breathing story of a child's soul, with all its little faults and vanities, all its longings and aspirations set down with sympathy and humour. And Mary Antin can write so of herself because it is of another person she is writing; the little Jewish girl in Russia, the ambitious foreign schoolgirl in America are not the Mary Antin of to-day, though they made her.

Her childhood was passed in the Middle Ages; in a community of Jews who were despised and oppressed, who were ground down by unjust laws, who lived in fear of massacre, and to whom the Christian Cross was the dread symbol of cruelty and intolerance. This little set, allowed only to live in certain districts, and bound together by common sorrow, followed strictly the Jewish ritual, and believed study of the Mosaic books to be the only learning. For the schooling of her boys the Jewish mother borrowed and begged, pawned and starved, and often carried her boy to school barefoot in the snow. The girls were not taught, as a rule, and although Mary Antin's father had more liberal ideas, her little bit of education was cut short by misfortune and poverty. At last some harder oppression than usual led her father's thoughts to America; and after three years of struggle and poverty his family received from him the money wherewith to join him. At a stroke fate cut the cords that bound Mary Antin, little, living, pulsating, thinking child of twelve, to the sad and hopeless fate of her ancestors, and she became a citizen of that great republic which gives opportunities to all.

"So at last I was going to America! Really, really going at last. The boundaries burst. The arch of heaven soared. A million suns shone out for every star. The winds rushed in from outer space, roaring in my ears, 'America! America!'"

The woman who wrote that, the child who felt it, was ready for the golden chance that America holds out. Although poverty lingered long, although dirt and squalor and ugliness were the externals, the spirit had to rise triumphant. The girl to whom learning was denied in Russia finds it free and waiting her in America; from elementary school to college the way is open, and she walks it fearlessly.

Her impressions of America give us a clearer picture of that land than a dozen guidebooks: "In America then everything was free. . . . Light was free. Music was free. Education was free. . . . No application made, no questions asked, no examinations, rulings, exclusions; no machinations, no fees. The doors stood open for every one of us. The smallest child could show us the way."

We are told of her first essay written in English at the age of twelve; her "poem" on George Washington which she took to an editor and which was printed—though not across the front page, as she had hoped; her attempt at canvassing for newspaper subscriptions, and through it all we see the shining, living soul that strove towards the light and found it.

The book is a marvellous human record; it may be, as Mary Antin says, the story of many unwritten lives, but only she could have written it. "The endless ages have indeed throbbed through my blood, but a new rhythm dances in my veins. . . . The past was only my cradle. . . . No, it is not I that belong to the past, but the past that belongs to me. . . . I am the youngest of America's children, and into my hands is given all her priceless heritage, to the last white star espied through the telescope, to the last great thought of the philosopher. Mine is the whole majestic past and mine is the shining future."

* Heinemann. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT †

During the month of June last a series of addresses was given in the Queen's Hall, London, on the religious aspect of the Woman's Movement. These addresses, with the full proceedings of the meetings, have now been published in pamphlet form. As the two most noteworthy and striking speeches we would single out those of Miss Royden and the Bishop of Oxford. In referring to the movement as "freedom for women in self realisation," Dr. Gore shows that he understands and sympathises with the realities of this great fight. Miss Maud Royden, speaking of the social evil, with a fine scorn asks those who say that there must be a class of outcasts, how they can think that chastity bought at such a terrible price can be a virtue in the eyes of the Spirit of Truth? She continues in a vein which is refreshing and vigorous. The whole makes an excellent pamphlet, which should do much to bring religious people who do not yet know the movement into closer touch and understanding of it.

† "The Religious Aspect of the Woman's Movement." (Published by the Collegium. Temp. address, 232, Evering Road, Clapton, N.) To be obtained from the Woman's Press, 156, Charing Cross Road, W.C. Price 6d.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Woman and To-morrow." By W. L. George. (London: Herbert Jenkins. Price, 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Story of Newnham College." By I. B. J. Sollas. (Cambridge: W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd. Price, 6d. net.)

"The Light Side of London." By E. B. D'Auvergne. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., Clifford's Inn, E.C. Price, 6s. net.)

"The Wooing of Mifanwy." By Edith C. Kenyon. (London: Holden and Hardingham. Price, 6s.)

"Lloyd George's Supper Party." By the Member for Britain. (London: Simpkin, Hamilton, Kent, and Co., Ltd. Price, 1s.)

"The Men's League Handbook on Women's Suffrage." (London: The Men's League for Women's Suffrage. Price, 6d. net.)

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The problem of unemployment, to be rightly understood, must be studied in all its many aspects, for it does not arise by any means from one cause only. Among the diversity of causes at work none is more potent than child labour, and the authors of "English Apprenticeship and Child Labour"* have gone as far back into history as they can reach, confining themselves to this one aspect of industrial life in its various phases and manifestations.

First of all we are given the rise of apprenticeship, and the formation of the various guilds to protect trades and industries which were such potent factors in the turning out of the finished workmen of the middle-ages. The authors point out that it is an error to suppose that the extensive employment of women and girls in other than domestic work is a feature peculiar to our own time. On the contrary, female labour in agricultural and industrial occupations appears to have been at all times very great, both in volume and area. We are told that in the year 1664, when the London needle-makers were over-supplied with labour, they cast about for means of limiting their hands, and they hit upon the brilliant device of discovering that "Women made bad and insufficient needles by reason of the weakness of their sex." The authors drily comment on this by remarking that it is doubtful if women would have been found so weak if it had not been that they were competing with men for the trade of the City!

Another little sidelight illuminates the history of the difficulties that women have had to contend with in getting a just valuation put upon their work. The craftsman was bound to give his boy apprentices seven years' proper training, at the end of which time, if the lads proved efficient, they became legally qualified to practise a trade which carried with it other rights according to the customs of the city to which they belonged. On the other hand, the craftsmen were allowed to utilise the work of their wives and daughters without going to the trouble and expense of apprenticing them, and of this privilege they naturally took considerable advantage, with the consequence that girls were seldom legally qualified to attain the rank of independent craftswomen and mistresses. These facts are extremely enlightening, and they put a very different complexion on the gibe so often thrown out at women that they have so little distinguished themselves in branches of activity open to them.

The decline of apprenticeship, owing to various causes clearly set forth in this book, began in the eighteenth century, and it seems to have come finally to an end in the nineteenth, when a new order came into being, that of Child Labour, bringing in its train all those horrible abuses and sufferings so valiantly attacked by Robert Owen and Lord Shaftesbury. This problem, however, is by no means done with, for though the horrors of Child Labour, as it then existed, are happily things of the past, we still have the problem in the form of juvenile labour as it affects the after life of the individual. In the case of boys in particular, their first form of employment other consists of "blind alley" work, which ends in fitting them for nothing, and they drift into the large army of casuals and unemployables. This question, like every other, must occupy the minds of thinking women, for the whole subject is a potent cause of race deterioration, and it needs to be faced and seriously thought out.

The book under discussion is a most sincere and painstaking effort to throw light on every aspect of the question from every available historical source. It is interestingly written and copiously supplied with notes and references. We can heartily recommend it, not only to those who are making a special study of these questions, but to all who are interested in the various problems that beset our age; for the ultimate solution of them all is the welfare of the race, and that welfare can only be successfully accomplished by a judicious training and preparation of the future citizen for the part he or she is to play in life.

K. D. S.

* "English Apprenticeship and Child Labour." A History by Jocelyn Dunlop and R. D. Denman, M.P. (London: Fisher Unwin.)

"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND"

We gather that in writing "The Conversion of Captain Brassbound," now being played at the Little Theatre, Mr. Bernard Shaw was influenced by two remarkable personalities, Miss Mary Kingsley and Mr. Cunningham Graham. There is only one woman in the play, and the psychological interest centres in her methods of smoothing her own and other people's paths in life by her sheer eagerness to see good in everyone and everything, and by her determination to treat every individual she meets, good, bad, or indifferent, as a human being. All who are familiar with this very amusing play know how these qualities lead Lady Cicely Waynfleet into difficulties, and how cleverly she extricates herself from them, and to those who are *not* familiar with the play we say: "Book seats immediately at the Little Theatre, and see how charmingly Miss Gertrude Kingston plays the part!" Having carefully explained that Mr. Cunningham Graham is not the hero of the play, Mr. Shaw characteristically devotes several pages of his notes in the book of the words (Constable. 2s.), to a study of that wonderful combination of Scottish laird and Spanish hidalgo, and leaves us to make what we like of it. Captain Brassbound himself is, however, eclipsed in sheer human interest by Felix Drinkwater, that inimitable product of the Waterloo Road, of whom "Nature, a Board School education, and some kerbstone practice" have made something of an orator. Several of the other characters, needless to remind our readers, seem to have stepped bodily from the "Arabian Nights" into the Shavian brain, and that they are all delightful goes without saying.

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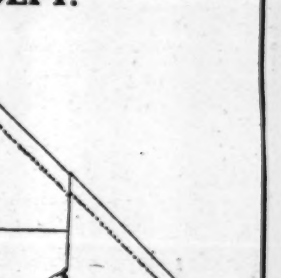

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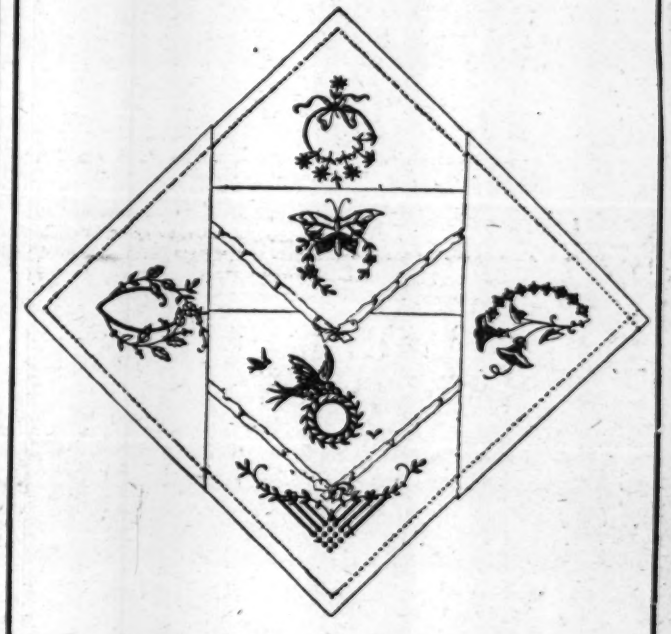

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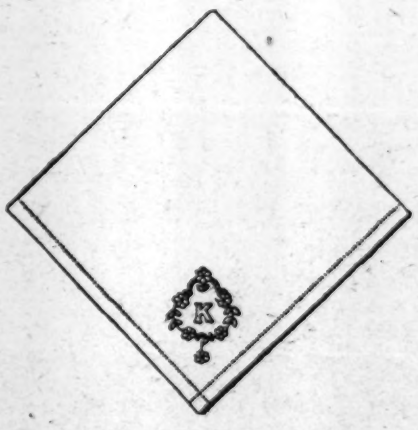

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A TEST DIVISION

An important debate and division is expected to take place next week in the House of Commons on the question of Woman Suffrage. On Monday and Tuesday the ninth clause of the Home Rule Bill will be under discussion, and to that clause a Woman Suffrage amendment is to be moved by Mr. Philip Snowden.

As the clause stands at present the Lower House of the Irish Parliament is to be elected by the same electors as elect the Imperial House of Commons. As the clause would stand if amended the electors for the Irish House would be the same as the Irish Local Government electors; that is to say, women who possess the same qualifications which entitle men to vote would also be electors. The amendment would, in fact, bring about the same position with regard to the Irish Lower House that would have been brought about in the Imperial House of Commons had the "Stanger" Bill been carried in 1908.

As will be seen from an interview published in another column (page 68), we have Mr. Snowden's authority for stating that the rumour that this amendment may be withdrawn is absolutely unfounded. It is further regarded as unlikely that the Government will attempt to get out of their difficulty in the matter by inducing the Chairman of Committees to apply the "kangaroo" closure and leap over this amendment. The debate will therefore take place and a division be taken. It is of the utmost importance that those who support the enfranchisement of women should concentrate all their energies for the few days that remain upon this amendment, and should give Members of Parliament clearly to understand that their votes upon it will be very carefully scrutinised. Every Member of Parliament should be seen by all those who have any influence with him, and he should receive a full correspondence on the subject from his constituents.

In saying this we do not in any way overlook the fact that the Government's Reform Bill is still the *pièce de résistance* of the Session from the point of view of Suffrage. But the debates on the Reform Bill are still a long way off; the Committee stage is not expected till the beginning of next year. Moreover, the Bill may after all be turned into a Plural Voting Bill, some fresh excuse being offered for a breach of all the Government's pledges. In any case, the prospect of securing Woman Suffrage under the Reform Bill, except by the direct submission of the Government, is so remote that it would be exceedingly foolish not to take advantage of the present situation to secure a franchise on equal terms between men and women on the Irish Bill.

What are the prospects of success? Good enough, provided Liberal and Labour M.P.'s can be relied upon to keep their pledges. Hopeless if these pledges are to be once more broken. The Irish Party, it is known in advance, will vote solidly against the amendment on the ground that it is a question which ought to be left to the Irish Parliament to decide. In other words, they desire frankly to place the government of their country for the first three years solely in the hands of their men, and to leave them to decide (subject to the intrigues of the Party in power) whether at some remote date women shall be included. Conservative Suffragists will support the amendment, and may carry with them into the lobby some of their Anti-Suffragist colleagues either for tactical reasons or because they regard the Irish Bill in the nature of local self-government in which they have already expressed themselves willing to see women included. Labour Members ought to have no difficulty in giving their votes solidly in its favour, though there seems to be a considerable doubt whether they will actually take this course.

But the fate of the amendment will really rest with the Government and their Liberal supporters. The Government can be counted on to throw their whole weight either openly or secretly against the amendment with a view to securing its defeat. But will the rank and file Liberals who talk so finely about their belief in Woman Suffrage come out boldly and give their votes in its favour, or will they, in obedience to the Party Whip, or to more secret, though none the less effective, pressure from the Government, once more pocket their principles and betray the cause which they profess to have at heart?

If they stand firm on this occasion and vote straight the amendment will be carried and Woman Suffrage become an integral part of the Home Rule Bill. If they vote crooked, or if they have colds and stay away, the amendment will be defeated and one more object lesson will be provided for women of the utter futility of putting the smallest reliance in the pledges of private Members and of the absolute necessity of dealing with the Government as a whole.

Women will watch carefully and critically the action of all their professing friends on this occasion, and will be prepared to take vigorous action if they are once again betrayed.

TO BE SOLD UP

By Order of the Liberal Government

When my wife and I stood together in the dock at Bow Street six months ago, and when witness after witness came forward to disclose to the public every incident and every transaction of our past life, she whispered to me, "This is like the day when 'that which is hidden shall be brought to light and that which is secret shall be made manifest.'"

It is with somewhat similar feelings that we return to our home in the country to find a great board erected in our garden giving notice that "the contents of this well-furnished residence are to be sold on Thursday, October 31," and to see similar notices pasted all along our front fence in the main road. It seems almost as though we were dead and had come back to this world as disembodied spirits to witness the disposal of our effects among those who are still inhabiting the planet.

The furniture and belongings of one's home are like a kind of outer skin, one has grown so used to living with them that one has come to regard them as an integral part of one's very self. To have them suddenly torn away and put up to public auction is almost as though a part of one's very body were being wrenched off.

It is with a very strange feeling that we pick up the catalogue and read some of the items which are offered to the public as choice morsels for their delectation. Some of our possessions date back to our childhood or early years. There is the "museum of curiosities" collected by myself while I was still in the nursery containing coins and a Chinese idol of soapstone, and "feathers from the peacocks in Warwick Castle"; there are the books which I won as prizes at Eton and at Cambridge. Then there are four bound volumes of VOTES FOR WOMEN, and six reports of the W.S.P.U., and all the W.S.P.U. leaflets; there is a croquet set, a lawn-tennis net, and all the tools belonging to the garden.

Our dog Peter, the wonderful tree-climber, whose passionate attachment to the game of a stick has won a tribute of affection from every visitor, is to have his house sold over his head. We hope that some friend who is a true lover of dogs will buy it in so that he may not be altogether homeless. We cannot but be glad that our first love, Podger, the old bull-terrier, who was prouder of The Mascot even than we are ourselves, sleeps in peace beneath the ground. On more than one occasion he has figured in the newspapers as the friend of the Suffragettes. His great heart would have been smitten with uncontrollable grief if he had heard the tramp of strange feet in his master's home, and had learnt that his own house was to be knocked down to an outsider by an auctioneer's hammer.

But there are some things which the Government have not got because of their greedy haste to strike at us while we were still ill and altogether unable to attend to business. They have not got my motor-car, because it happened, during my absence, to be away being repaired. They have not got the billiard table which I had intended to buy for my new room. They have not got the curtains and carpets and other household furnishings which were to have been bought new for the house to have it ready against our return.

And there are other things, too, for which we are profoundly thankful. The auctioneers cannot sell our nest in the old oak tree at the back of the garden, in which we have often slept on sultry nights in the summer; that is a fixture and cannot be removed. They cannot sell our Dutch garden, because that is of brick and masonry; they cannot tear up our little lawns or pull down our trees or root up our flowers. And far above and beyond all this, they cannot take away from us so much as a single one of those real things of life which we value far above all material wealth; they cannot deprive us of the love of friends, of our own sense of honour, of our freedom of soul, of our fidelity to the great cause which we have at heart.

What the Fight is about

This fight which we are making against the Government in our own village of Holmwood is an integral part of the great struggle which is being fought out to a finish in this country between those who believe that the fundamental principles of liberty apply to women equally with men, and the so-called Liberal Government which has set itself to use every method of coercion to crush down this aspiration for liberty. It is an integral part of the militant methods which thousands of women and hundreds of men have been employing during the past seven years to bring the Government to reason.

From the day when first the standard of revolt was raised down to the present day that fight has taken different shapes and forms. In October, 1905, it was begun by two women who went to Sir Edward Grey's meeting in Manchester to obtain from him a definite answer as to what the incoming Liberal Government would do for women; these two pioneers suffered themselves to be ill-treated, flung out of the meeting, and imprisoned, rather than tamely submit to have their question ignored. Since then many women have been flung out of Liberal meetings, beaten and battered and insulted because they knew that it was necessary at any personal cost to themselves to confront Cabinet Ministers with their falsity to their principles with regard to women. Many women going peacably to the House of Commons on deputation to the Prime Minister have been set upon by the police, and after being knocked about have been arrested and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment as common criminals on the charge of "obstruction." Many women on "Black Friday," November 18, 1910, faced with calm determination a howling mob, and, themselves entirely unarmed and utterly defenceless, were kicked and flung down and assaulted in indescribable ways rather than consent to turn back and give up their mission. Several of those women have not yet recovered from the injuries which they received, and more than one is dead. Again, in November, 1911, and March, 1912, there were demonstrations of women in the streets, and these women, refusing to face the brutality of Black Friday, expressed their protest by doing damage to the glass windows of London, and for that were arrested and were sentenced to several months' imprisonment.

In prison the women who have been carrying through this fight have refused from the first to be regarded as ordinary criminals, and have insisted upon their status as political offenders. When the Government declined to take this view they have adopted a means of resistance which, though intensely painful to themselves, has checkmated the Government. The women have refused all food, saying in effect to the Government, "I will stake my life on the justice of my demand; if necessary I am prepared to die, but *you* do not dare let me die, because you know that you are in the wrong, and you cannot face the public with my death in prison upon your heads." A curious feature of this protest was that it was more effective when made by women who were physically weak than by those who were physically strong. Against those who were weak the Government dared not take any further step lest a fatal result should ensue and the Government, in their blood-guiltiness, should be hounded from office. Against those who were strong the Government decided to proceed to further extremities before giving in. They had the women tortured in prison by forcible feeding. The women stood out. It would have been much easier for them to give way, to consent to accept the prison treatment as ordinary criminals, or when the Government offered a compromise—a few special prison privileges—to take these and be thankful. But no! They fought on; and they are fighting on until they win not merely political status in prison for themselves and for those other men and women who are fighting the same battle, but a great tradition which will be handed down for all time.

Why I make this Stand

The particular fight which I am waging with the Government at the present time arises out of the stone-throwing protest of last March. It will be remembered that Mrs. Pankhurst, my wife, and I were arrested on that occasion and tried at the Old Bailey, and that the jury decided by their verdict that we as leaders were guilty of a conspiracy to procure the breaking of windows, that we incited others to break windows, and that acting through the medium of others, we had actually broken windows on that occasion. The judge sentenced us each to nine months' imprisonment in the second division, and in addition he took the unprecedented course of imposing upon Mrs. Pankhurst and myself a fine concealed in the shape of an order to pay the costs of the prosecution. It will be remembered that we all went to prison, that after four weeks we all adopted the hunger strike (as a protest against the treatment of our fellow prisoners), that my wife and I were fed by force, and that we were all released when the Government recognised that to keep us longer in prison would be to risk our lives and thereby their own reputation.

Not long after our release, while we were on the eve of our departure abroad, and still too ill to attend to business, the Government presented their bill of costs to our solicitor, amounting to about £900—to which was subsequently added a further £200 on account of the expenses of prosecution witnesses.

Now on its strict merits I regard this claim as fundamentally unjust (there is, I believe, no precedent for it, and it has only become possible since the passage of an Act of Parliament in 1908), and as such to be vigorously resisted. But over and above this it has to be resisted (as have also all the claims for damages brought against us in civil suits) as part of the militant campaign for the enfranchisement of women. The warfare between us and the Government has been carried on to the financial plane as well as on to the plane of personal ill-treatment on which it has been raging all these years.

Just as in the case of the fight for prison treatment by means of the hunger strike the battle takes a different shape according as the prisoner is physically weak or physically strong, so in the case of the financial battle with the Government, the struggle takes a different shape according to whether the persons attacked are financially weak or financially strong. The right method to be adopted by the former is to make themselves immune altogether by withdrawing any money which they may possess from possible attack. But the latter are prevented from adopting this course, and have to carry on the fight in a different way, by placing every conceivable obstacle in the way of the Government obtaining the money which they demand.

When on my return from Canada I found the bailiffs in possession of my house at Holmwood, I knew that the easiest course for me to adopt, which would also in all probability be much the cheapest for me in the end, would be to pay up the money and recover possession of my house. But I knew also that to do so would be to give the Government an easy victory, and that the only course consistent with my principles was to fight every inch of the way, fighting the battle not merely for myself, but also for all others who may be similarly vulnerable in the future. In other words, I take identically the same view of the present situation that I took of my personal position when I refused to abandon the hunger strike when threatened with forcible feeding.

F. W. Pethick Lawrence.

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MEN'S INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

The first congress of the Men's International Alliance for Woman Suffrage has been held during the week in London. Delegates attended from various countries, including Great Britain, Holland, France, Hungary, United States, Sweden, Germany, Denmark, Russia, and Japan, and the following resolution was passed at the opening meeting on October 24:—

The first congress of the Men's International Alliance for Woman Suffrage desires to call the attention of men of all nations to the serious economic effects upon their wages and security of employment arising from the steadily increasing employment of unorganised and unrepresented women, who necessarily accept a lower scale of remuneration for equal work. It points out that the granting of women's enfranchisement in twelve countries and States of Europe, and the United States and Australasia, has been followed in almost every case by steps towards equalisation in the rates of remuneration of men and women in many professions and trades; and it regards the enfranchisement of women in other countries as vitally necessary in order to secure economic equality, and thus to check the displacement of men by women, which will inevitably continue if the latter are not given equal responsibility and power as citizens.

As can be gathered from the form of this resolution, the economic side of the Woman Suffrage movement was the one that chiefly occupied the conferences of the Alliance. Probably, this was the only safe ground for discussion, and, of course, the chief use of such international meetings must always be the opportunity afforded for mutual encouragement and intercourse rather than the formation of a practical international policy for securing the woman's vote. It is, therefore, not surprising, though it is regrettable, that the following amendment, which was proposed by Mr. Futvoye, of the Men's Federation, and which sought to infuse a little political reality into the proceedings, did not even find a seconder—Sir John Cockburn saying he was opposed to the use of the word "force," and Dr. Clarke adding a gratuitous condemnation of militant tactics, which had not even been mentioned:—

That this congress looks to the political sections of all Parliaments to use whatever voting power and influence that they have or may have to force the Government to give citizen rights on equal terms to men and women.

The meetings were, however, full of a certain kind of interest, and some excellent speeches were made showing the connection between the political disability of women and such problems as the White Slave Traffic, sweating, and infantile mortality.

Wages and the Vote

Some interesting resolutions were passed emphasising this connection, and pointing out further such significant facts as that, in Australia, where women have long had the vote, the general and infantile mortality figures are the lowest in the world, and that where the woman's vote is in operation the White Slave Trade has been greatly reduced. The debate on what Dr. C. V. Drysdale called "The bread-and-butter side of the question," was one of the most useful of those held in the course of the Congress. Women were being turned into blacklegs by their present economic helplessness, said Dr. Drysdale; and Dr. Clarke put it as strongly when he declared that Capital was laughing at Labour, and the women who laboured must have their effective reply.

The progress of the movement on the Continent was naturally the subject of another instructive meeting. While the Dutch delegate held out no immediate prospect of success in Holland, where only three out of the nine political parties are in favour of the woman's vote, Dr. A. Munch Petersen spoke hopefully of the Government Bill just introduced in Denmark, saying that no Party in the State dared oppose it. In France, it was said, the Socialist party was the only one pledged to Woman's Suffrage; in Hungary the Socialists were its open enemies. It was like an echo from home to hear from the Swedish delegate, Mr. Ernest Beckman, that his Government was a Liberal one, and the women "were not without hope" that their Bill might soon become law.

Allusions to Militancy

In spite of the tendency of this, as of all international conferences, to avoid matters infringing on practical politics which might wound the sensitive political feelings of those present, some allusions were made in the course of debate to the militant Suffrage movement in England. Sir John Cockburn, in his opening address, seemed to coquette with the subject in his remark that "women were not naturally bellicose, but the meekest of mortals would turn under such a palpable injustice as the denial of the vote," and Mr. Laurence Housman deservedly aroused applause for his defence of tax resistance, and his references to the plucky law-breaking of Dr. Elizabeth Wilks and her husband. Earl Russell made an open attack upon militancy, declaring that the cause in this country was now suffering from the effects of militancy. Since, in his subsequent remarks, the speaker said he "did not wish to dwell upon the tactics which brought the Franchise Bill forward at the time when the Conciliation Bill was under consideration," it cannot be said that the case for militancy was put with fairness, or even accuracy, to the Conference. However, as many of the delegates attended the W.S.P.U. meeting at the London Pavilion on Monday afternoon, it is to be conjectured that they did not leave this country without forming some estimate of the reasons for the recent outbreaks of militancy in Great Britain.

FREE TUMBRILS

Mr. Israel Zangwill was in his usual delightful vein at the dinner arranged by the Men's League for the Men's International Woman Suffrage Alliance on Wednesday in last week. He commenced by a reference to his little boy who had asked him, "Why don't the Government let men have votes for women?" to which he said he had not been able to give any answer. It was the question he himself was putting to all the men whom he saw that night.

He was glad to realise that, though women were in the front of the battle, a great deal of help had been rendered by men, many of whom had suffered physical injury because they had insisted upon putting questions to Mr. Lloyd George at his meetings. Mr. Lloyd George had retorted that they were "hirelings." The professional chucker-out was a person who was not altogether unknown, but this suggestion that there was such a thing as a professional "chuckee" out was surely new. As a matter of fact, it was entirely false, and Mr. Lloyd George himself knew it. In some things he admired Mr. Lloyd George, but the way he handled this question showed that, popular idol as he was, there was a great deal of clay in his composition. Mr. Lloyd George had been given positive proof that men were not hired to go to meetings, and his only answer had been, "Well, then, they had their railway fares paid." It was much the same as though a man who had complained of the pain he suffered at his dentist had been told. "Well, never mind, you had the fare of your taxicab to the dentist paid for you." Or, again, it was as though the perpetrators of the horrors of the French Revolution had excused their conduct by saying that their victims were given "free tumbrils to the guillotine."

Other speakers at the dinner told of the progress that was being made in Woman Suffrage in other countries, and expressed their conviction of the unity of the Woman Suffrage cause in every part of the world.

Lord Lytton on the Militant Disorders

At the farewell banquet given to the foreign delegates to the Men's International Congress, Lord Lytton, in proposing the toast of the evening, asked what was to be thought of a Government which, after years of agitation, not only perpetrated but aggravated the intolerable injustice under which women suffered. The discontent, shown in social disorder, was widespread, and could only be stopped in one way, and if it were not stopped it would become a very serious evil in the State. The real question for statesmen was not whether the discontent was shown wisely or unwisely, but what were its causes and how could it be removed?

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN DENMARK

In Denmark, where woman "counts" probably more than in most countries where women are still unenfranchised, the Government has placed Woman Suffrage upon its programme, and has just introduced a Constitutional Reform Bill into the Folkething which proposes to give political rights to women on equal terms with men. If it becomes law, and there seems a reasonable prospect of its doing so, the minimum age of voters will be reduced from thirty to twenty-five, and all women and men of that age will have the right to vote and become eligible for election to the Folkething.

COMING EVENTS

Mr. Pethick Lawrence has been asked to fulfil his engagement to speak at Newport on Wednesday, November 6, and has consented to do so. He will also speak at Pontypool on the same date, at Barry on Thursday, November 7, at Leeds on Tuesday, November 19 (for the M.P.U.), and at Halifax on Thursday, December 5. We would remind our readers of the important meeting at the Kensington Town Hall on November 8, the object of which is to welcome Mr. Pethick Lawrence and Mr. Charles Gray. The speakers will include Mr. H. D. Harben, Mrs. Lamartine Yates, and Mr. Reginald Pott, besides Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Gray, and it is hoped that Mr. H. W. Nevinson will be in the chair. The Men's Political Union for Women's Enfranchisement which is convening the meeting, (13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., where also tickets, 2s. numbered and reserved, 1s. and 6d. reserved, can be obtained), ask us to state that volunteers for making the meeting known will be welcomed. A poster parade to advertise it will take place to-morrow (Saturday), starting from the Kensington W.S.P.U. shop, 143, Church Street, at 11 a.m.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence will speak at Knebworth on Thursday, November 7.

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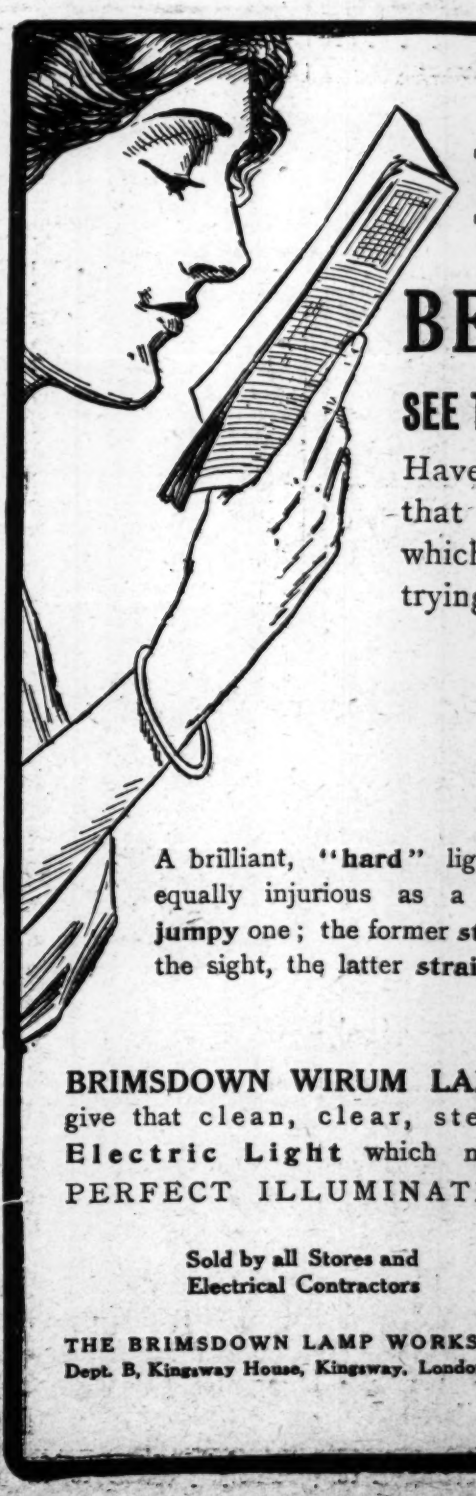

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A WOMAN'S THEATRICAL PRODUCTION

Miss Margaret Morris's Troupe of Child Dancers at the Little Theatre

With Miss Gertrude Kingston at the Little Theatre, Miss Lillah McCarthy at the Savoy, Miss Lena Ashwell at the Kingsway, and Miss Margaret Morris at the Court Theatre, we have four theatrical productions in London now being managed by women, and the youngest (in every sense) of these four enterprises is that of Miss Margaret Morris. Readers of VOTES FOR WOMEN should be especially interested in her venture at the Court Theatre, for Miss Morris, some two or three years ago, sold the paper for the sake of the Cause at Ludgate Circus, and is still as keen a Suffragist as ever, and in full sympathy with the militants, though too busy at the moment to take an active part in the campaign. When asked, on the eve of her production, last Monday, whether she had any particular reason for being a Suffragist, her reply was that the economic side of the question was the one that appealed to her most strongly. While admitting that in the theatrical profession women, when once established on the stage, were on an economic equality with men, she attributed to the economic helplessness of women the very uphill work that faced them when first entering the profession. Pointing out that there were always fewer men's parts than women's parts to be filled, to begin with, she added that there were always more women than men seeking theatrical engagements, because men as a rule went on the stage only if they had talent, but women largely because they had to earn their living and had not such a wide choice before them as the men have. This surplusage of untalented actresses would be reduced, in Miss Morris's opinion, if all the professions were thrown open to women, and they had a free choice in the matter of employment.

Miss Margaret Morris has been in the profession herself since the age of eight, when she appeared in a Plymouth pantomime Then she joined Mr. Ben Greet's company, playing Puck when only ten years old, and remained with him until he went to America; later she joined the Benson company. Four years ago she met Mr. Raymond Duncan, whose sister, Miss Isidore Duncan, has established a school of classical dancing near Berlin, and studied with him, learning all the classic poses which years of research in European museums had enabled him to accumulate from Greek statues and vases. On this system of his she based her dances, all of which are her own invention, though each pose in them has its counterpart in some known classic drawing or design. Some of her dances are her expression of the music to which she dances, as in the the case of Debussy's Arabesque, for instance; in others, the music acts merely as an accompaniment.

MISS MARGARET MORRIS

Eighteen months ago Miss Morris started her dancing school for children in Endell Street, and has now a troupe of fourteen children, besides many grown-up pupils. She is a true democrat, for she chooses her dancers from every class, rich and poor, and finds them equally delightful to teach and to dance with. As a rule, she thinks children learn her dances sooner than her older pupils, and attributes this to the fact that they are all based on Greek postures into which children fall naturally. We reproduce a portrait of Miss Margaret Morris in a Funeral Dance. The pose in the picture is taken from a Tanagra statuette.

The first night was a triumphant success, and one left the Court Theatre with mental visions of exquisite colour-pictures in strange contrast with the mud and rain outside! Very beautiful and poetic is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Callisto," in which the plot is unravelled entirely by gesture, and in which the dancing of the little Suffragette, Iris Rowe, as Callisto's child was so delicious that one could not really blame the playful Fauns for carrying her off! The other important piece was Mr. John Galsworthy's "Little Dream," which has already been seen in Manchester. For the dances in this play also, and for the selected ones which followed, the house had nothing but praise. The "Death Dance of Graine" may be singled out as one of the most beautiful, both in colour and dignity of movement, while by their spontaneous gaiety in Grieg's "Rigaudon" and Beethoven's "Dance of Bacchanals" the dancers left one almost breathless. The "Robe of Feathers" is of another type, and it is difficult to imagine anything more fairy-like than Miss Morris as the fairy, or more grotesquely Japanese than Mr. J. Fraser Outram as the fisherman. At the matinées it is intended to have more children's dances than are allowed by the magistrate's license at the evening performances.

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THE LABOUR PARTY AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The determination of the Women's Social and Political Union to oppose the Labour party continues to arouse great interest in the Press.

In our last issue we printed a letter from Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald to the Labour Women's League, condemning the new election policy of the W.S.P.U. The following spirited reply from the Fabian Women's Group has appeared in the *Daily Citizen*:—

To the Editor of "The Daily Citizen."

Sir,—The Suffrage Committee of the Fabian Society (women's group) have read Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's letter in your issue of the 19th inst. with a sense of deep disappointment. At this grave crisis in the fortunes of women's suffrage, Socialist women have the right to expect a very different attitude from the Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party. In view of the resolution adopted at the conference of the Labour Party in January last, stating "that no Bill can be acceptable to the Labour and Socialist movement which does not include women," and, further, in view of the pledge given by Mr. MacDonald himself from the chair at the Albert Hall meeting on February 13 that the Labour Party would "turn out the Government" if this were not the case, there seemed little room for ambiguity. On the latter occasion the whole audience, and later the whole country, understood that this implied a definite promise to vote against the third reading of the Bill if women were not included. If Mr. MacDonald did not attach this meaning to his words he has had ample opportunity of explaining himself. On the contrary, he has permitted the whole body of Socialist women to believe that his pledge meant what it said.

The letter to which we have referred contains merely vague promises of good intentions on the part of the Labour Party, but we look in vain for any straightforward confirmation of this pledge. Instead, we find merely destructive criticisms of a certain section of Suffragists. Above all, we deprecate the attempt to sow dissension among Suffragists by the false statement that the W.S.P.U., who are the one body of women Suffragists outside the Socialist movement demanding adult suffrage without difference of sex, are animated by the desire to accentuate class distinctions.

We regret, moreover, your failure to point out that the hostile attitude of the Irish can only be explained by the fact that the Government, contrary to their pledge to take no sides, are putting pressure on them by a threat that Home Rule will be endangered if a woman suffrage movement is carried. This is really the great danger which threatens woman suffrage, and it is a danger which can only be averted by prompt and decided action by the Labour Party. They have it in their power to make it known that the position of the Government, and with it the Home Rule Bill, will be endangered also by the manœuvres of Mr. Asquith and his friends behind the scenes to exclude women from the Reform Bill. We do not ask the Labour Party to vote against other Government measures in which they and their constituents are interested. We do ask them to make it known without further delay that they will oppose the third reading of any Suffrage Bill from which women are excluded.

On behalf of the Suffrage Committee of the Fabian Women's Group,

Charlotte M. Wilson.

In a letter to the *Daily Citizen* discussing the new W.S.P.U. election policy, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, after attacking the actual constitution and personnel of the Union, proceeds as follows:

The whole conception of the thing is tragi-comedy. It seems to be a cynical skit on the mind of women, devised by some imp of a person who holds woman in low esteem. From its sorry inception at that meeting in Manchester some years ago until its last depressing demonstration in the Albert Hall, it has gone from blunder to blunder.

In its early days it seemed to those who prize such appearances to be stirring up interest in the popular mind, and it received far too hasty a welcome by many sincere friends of women's suffrage. But latterly its real nature unfolded itself in angered public opinion, and still more angered private feelings. For some years now, by the weekly publication of political criticism, which never erred on the side of accuracy and rarely departed from the humbugging and the misleading, it has kept itself alive—preying all the time on the very cause which it was supposed to be supporting.

That cause, two or three years ago, was on the point of success. To-day it has to be saved by the most patient and careful action which its friends can devise. If Women's Suffrage is not now carried, if the Bill in which it was to be embodied is to be withdrawn, together with all the blessings which it can bring to the common people, this Union, this army with its commanding generals and its obeying members alone is responsible.

Fortunately, since the effects of this propaganda became apparent, and those women's organisations which sat on the fence for so long have seen what was happening, the cause of Women's Suffrage is reviving, and before it has to be settled in this House it may have recovered sufficiently to triumph. To that end the Labour Party is impelled both by honour and its own interests, and will strive unceasingly. No greater calamity could befall the country than a refusal to grant women the vote and a consequent destruction of the Reform Bill.

A great deal of controversy has been provoked by this attack upon the W.S.P.U., and we select the following extracts from Miss M. A. Tuker's excellent letter which also appeared in the *Daily Citizen*:—

It would be interesting to know how many men in the House really believe that if militancy were to cease women would be given the vote! It would be interesting to know if Mr. F. D. Acland thinks the rigmarole served up to the Women's Labour League last Saturday by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would have satisfied men with votes. Or whether he supposes that the Irish members rallied in a body from a sudden loathing of militant tactics? And if not, by what machinery and by what miracle are the Labour Party and the Irish Party to be brought to the point of carrying a woman suffrage amendment? What single fact in the last forty-five years, or what recent fact since the era of "pledges," justifies us in expecting them to do so? . . .

If Mr. Ellis Griffith, then, and Mr. F. D. Acland will expound clearly "as man to man" (and not as man to woman!) how they reconcile their robust faith in the passing of an amendment, not with all the facts, but simply with Mr. Asquith's declaration that he had no expectation that the House could "stultify itself" by passing such an amendment in the present Parliament, we might find their faith in its naïvete more respectable than their vaticination. Is it not amply obvious that there is no honest intention whatever on the part of the "Coalition" to pass a woman suffrage amendment, and that the cry: "It is the action of the women"—a cry as old as Adam—only adds meanness to sin, and is the most disreputable part of the whole performance? Was it not another member of the Government, Lord Haldane, who, in a suffrage speech at Oxford, was telling us, only a few months ago, that no sensible man would condemn a cause because he could not approve some of its supporters? How has it come about then that this is precisely the course mapped out by the "wisdom of Parliament"?

Mr. Brailsford, in the course of a letter to the same paper last Wednesday, wrote as follows:—

The sole practical question is whether the opportunity for amending the Franchise Bill can be used to secure votes for women. I think, too, that there is agreement among all who know anything of the Parliamentary position on this further point; the compromise amendment, conferring the vote on the five or six million women who are either householders or the wives of householders, can be carried if Mr. Redmond and his men support it, but will be heavily defeated if they oppose it. If we want to end the wearing labour of this agitation, to stop the prison cruelties, to check the bitterness which begins to threaten the relations of men and women, and to arm the working woman with a weapon against her exploiters, one single measurable task lies before us—to secure the Nationalist vote. . . .

Luckily the Irish members are not sentimentalists, and their motives are at least intelligible. They will not vote on militancy or even on the merits of the question. They will vote solely in the interests of Home Rule. As the *Freeman's Journal* put it (August 6), if the Irish leaders "think that the action taken upon the Conciliation Bill ought, in the interests of Ireland, to be repeated upon the Franchise Bill, they will repeat that action without hesitation as a solid and united Party." In plain words, they will obey the anti-suffragist Ministers of the Coalition, unless the one Suffragist party within the Coalition is prepared to threaten and, if necessary, to make some yet graver danger. . . .

The Labour Party cannot meet this by saying gently, "We shall be very angry, we shall think it a dirty trick, but of course we shall always go on voting with the Coalition." On these terms a coalition is a dishonourable alliance. There need be no fireworks and no melodrama. But the party, if it is a Suffragist party, cannot allow the allied Irish vote to perpetuate the votelessness of English women, and must forbid the Liberal Ministers to frustrate its own pledge by secret manœuvres. An alliance for certain ends is inevitable in politics to-day. But from the moment that two sections of the Coalition conspire to defeat a fundamental purpose of Labour, Labour in its turn must, in its own way and by its own counsels, discharge its debt of honour to women.

MR. LANSBURY'S RESIGNATION

The *Daily Herald* has published a strong and courageous commentary on the rumour of Mr. Lansbury's resignation, which has appeared in a morning newspaper.

Mr. Lansbury certainly is contemplating resigning, says the *Daily Herald*, but it is from the Labour Party, and not from Parliament that he contemplates resignation. . . . When the Independent Labour Party passed a resolution threatening vigorous opposition to the Reform Bill, unless it was extended so as to give votes to women as well as men, Lansbury naturally thought they meant what they said. Now, it appears they didn't. For the Labour Group in the House, which is advertised as being dominated by the I.L.P. intellectuals, have refused to oppose the Government measure even if it is not made an Adult Suffrage Bill. Is it any wonder, then, that we have the amazing situation of women militantly opposing a Labour Party? Is it any wonder that Mr. Lansbury, who believes that the honour of the Labour Party is pledged in this matter, strenuously resists the efforts being made to coerce him, under the whip of "Party loyalty," into supporting a capitalist Government which refuses to give citizen rights to women? We appraise at its true value the line of argument taken by the Labour Group. They were sent to Parliament to play the Parliamentary game; they are bound by Parliamentary procedure. They believe that a Liberal Government is better than a Tory Government (God help them!), and they believe that if they can only keep the Liberals in office (incidentally keeping their own seats) they may get some Labour legislation through. And the best way, they say, is to go on standing loyally by the Liberals. . . .

The Liberals will gladly give votes to women if that is the price to be paid for keeping in office. . . . The women are perfectly justified in opposing the Labour Party, because they have been downright dishonest in this matter, and Mr. Lansbury will deserve severe censure if he does not straightaway disassociate himself from the Labour Group. The Labour Movement is fortunately a much bigger and sounder thing than the Labour Party, and it will stand by Lansbury and the women, as is being shown at public meetings all over the country. And we are perfectly sure that Bow and Bromley will stand by its uncompromising representative. . . .

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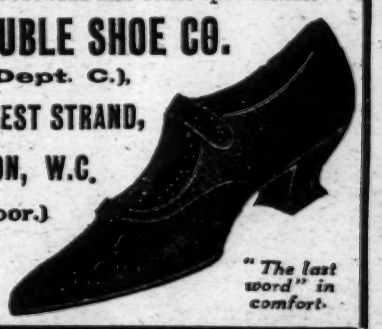

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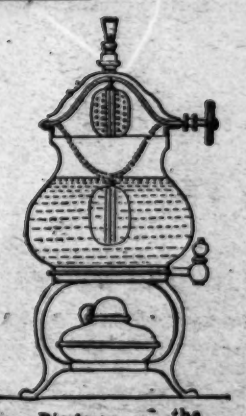

Diagram of the Interior, with Infuser in and out of water.

MR. PETHICK LAWRENCE AT SHEFFIELD

Speaking at Sheffield on Tuesday last, Mr. Pethick Lawrence said that as the outcome of the struggle and conflict of the last few years the soul of womanhood had been given birth, and that in all the details of life this new awakening was being made manifest. Women were claiming their part in the great world, and were going to bring them all that they had to give of beauty, of grace, and of humanity, instead of confining these things to the narrow limits of their domestic circle.

House of Commons "Morass."

Mr. Lawrence spoke very strongly in support of militancy. He declared that the House of Commons was one morass of intrigue and double-dealing on this question. There had been trickery, humbug, and sharp practice, when there had not been absolute lying and deceit. (Applause.) They found that something other than ladylike behaviour and polite treatment was necessary to force the question through to a satisfactory issue.

He gloried in the window-smashing of last March. As long as the women were subjected to merely ordinary ill-usage, they were content to go on with their deputations to the Prime Minister. But when they went on "Black Friday" there was a Home Secretary in Parliament who thought he knew how to beat the women. Exceptionally brutal treatment was administered to them on that occasion, and they were handled in a way that was indescribable. Some of them were injured, one had died, some had not yet recovered. The women were absolutely determined not to face such a thing again, and this was the reason why they went out and threw stones.

He referred to his own imprisonment in connection with the affair, and described forcible feeding as not a means of keeping life intact, but simply a means of torture. He was also ordered to pay the costs, and while he was away in Canada the Government burgled his house in order to take the money which he could not pay. "They are there to-day," he added, "and on Thursday they are going to sell me up. But I am not going to pay, and they won't get all their money, then. They will have to take further steps still if they want to secure it."

He called upon women to stand shoulder to shoulder in this fight, and not to criticise those who were forcing the pace. On this question of criticism he considered he had a special right to speak. A few weeks ago the very last thought in the minds of his wife and himself would have been that when he stood there he would not be associated with the Union, for that Union had been to them like their own flesh and blood. The time came when they found that the prospective militant policy of their colleagues, who were now the leaders of the Union, was totally unacceptable to them. Mrs. Pankhurst said she and her daughter were absolutely determined to pursue their policy, that they did not think it right to modify it one iota, and that the only course for Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was to leave the Union.

They had before them the alternative of going up and down the country exposing the difference between them and the other two who had built up the Union with them. But he did not offer that criticism then, and he hoped that nothing would occur which would make it necessary for them to criticise the policy of the Union. Although he differed radically from a certain feature of that policy, he did not consider that criticism should be directed against the women who were fighting the battle; it should be directed against the Government, and against those people who were rendering the battle necessary. He and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence were not going to injure the effectiveness of the fight of those who remained in control of the Union by criticising their actions. (Applause.)

If they who had given up their life's blood for the Union were prepared not to criticise, how much more incumbent was it upon his hearers not to criticise what other women were doing, believing it to be right. He wanted to stop this abominable criticism which went on, this treachery, this selling of the pass to the enemy. It made him sick at heart. The little difference that they had with the other workers was small and petty compared with the stupendous difference that they had with the opponents of the franchise.

He concluded by appealing to everyone present to take a share in this great fight, and not to be content with easy, ladylike methods, but to be bold and courageous, and prepared to undergo some "knocks" on behalf of the great cause.

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.

Mr. Lansbury's resolution "condemning the Government for introducing a Franchise Bill for men only, repudiating the sham pledges by which the Government are trying to trick the advocates of votes for women, protesting against the Government which is guilty of such a policy being kept in power by the aid of Labour votes, and calling upon the Labour members of Parliament to vote constantly and relentlessly against the Government from now onwards until they have either driven them from office or compelled them to introduce and carry a proposal giving votes to women on the same terms as men," has now been passed by the South Birmingham, Langley, Northfield, Kensington (Liverpool), Paddington and Queen's Park, Wolverhampton, Letchworth, and Bodlinog branches. The Middlesbrough branch calls upon the Labour Party to vote against the Government at each division on the questions of Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and Electoral Reform unless the inclusion of women in the Reform Bill is definitely promised.

The Worthing, Clapham, Market Harborough, and Walkden I.L.P. branches have all passed strong resolutions demanding Votes for Women on equal terms with men, and calling upon the Labour Party to vote against any franchise bill that does not include women.

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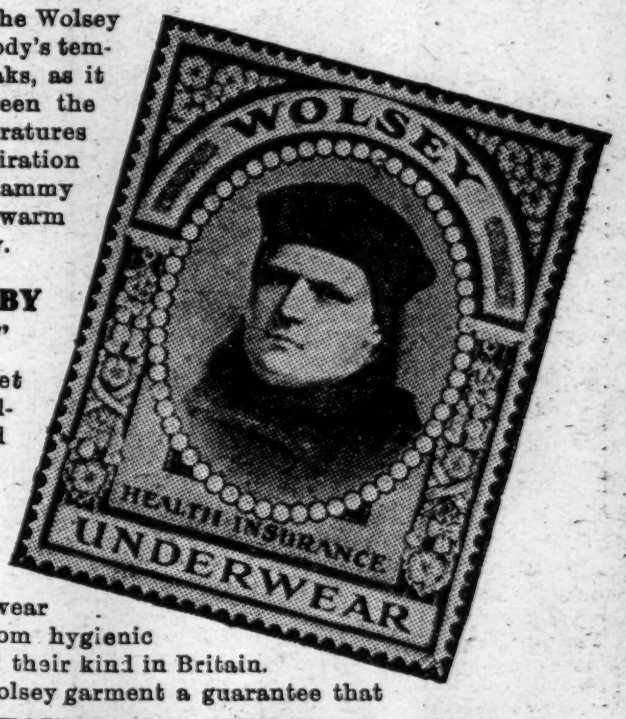

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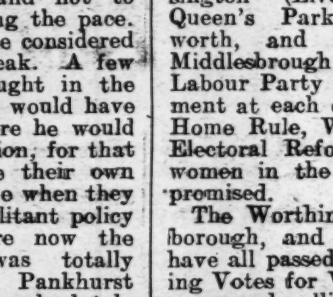

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THE WOMEN'S MARCH

"The Brown Women," as they have come to be known on account of their workmanlike outfit, have covered between 300 and 400 miles of the distance they set out to accomplish, from Edinburgh to London.

"One of the Marchers" wrote on Sunday last:—

"We are spending Sunday in the peaceful old country town Easingwold, having held our usual evening meeting last night at 8 o'clock in the Town Hall, as it was raining heavily. We sent the town-crier round, and got a full audience of intelligent and friendly people, who listened to Mrs. de Fonblanque, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, and Mrs. Arncliffe Sennett with evident pleasure. Hitherto we have always had to contend with the difficulties of open-air meetings and generally with an unmanageably large crowd. This was especially the case at Durham, where our audience filled the square, and some Divinity students and others indulged in jokes and dangerous rushes. We kept them in hand during the speaking, but at the end we had to fight our way back to the hotel, the Chief Inspector and police nobly helping us. At Darlington we had intended only to hold one meeting, but decided at the last moment to divide it into two, which were addressed by Miss Ada Wright and Miss Bennet. The people of Northallerton and Thirsk turned out in good numbers to hear us, but we could not feel that there was the same alertness in these little market towns that we found in the manufacturing and mining centres. People on the road all recognise us at once as the marchers. Among incidents on the road, a clergyman took off his hat, explaining that he wanted to show his reverence for us, and a little girl was heard to say, 'The Suffragettes are coming. Shut the door, mother, or they'll come into the house. They're very forward.' But 'Mother' did not seem to think so, as she signed our petition."

The party left York on Tuesday for Selby, the programme being Doncaster (Wednesday, October 30), Bawtry (Thursday, October 31), Retford (to-day, Friday, November 1), Tuxford (to-morrow and Sunday), Newark (Monday, November 4), Grantham (November 5), Colsterworth (6th), Stamford (7th), Peterborough (8th), Huntingdon (9th and 10th), London 16th.

Communications should be addressed to Mrs. de Fonblanque, c/o Miss Roff, Easebourne, Midhurst, Sussex.

Mrs. De Fonblanque has sent the following letter to Mr. Asquith:—

"Sir,—You are no doubt aware that a band of women marchers is coming from Edinburgh to London with a petition praying the Government to enfranchise women this session. The marchers will reach London on Saturday afternoon, November 16, at four o'clock, and will esteem it a favour if you will kindly consent to receive the petition.—Awaiting the favour of a reply, I am, yours obediently,

"FLORENCE DE FONBLANQUE."

At Mrs. Chapman's special request the reception at the Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, at 8.45 p.m., on Monday, November 18, will take the form of a welcome to Mrs. de Fonblanque and the marchers. Among the speakers will be Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, Mrs. Cecil Chapman, Mrs. de Fonblanque, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Sir John Cockburn, and (engagements permitting) Mr. C. S. Goldman, M.P. Tickets (2s. 6d.) can be obtained from Miss F. G. Wright, 8, Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge. We are asked to say that donations towards the purse to be presented to Mrs. Chapman (to welcome whom after her long illness the reception was arranged) should be sent to Mrs. Bull, 21, Lambolle Road, Hampstead.

MORALITY PLAY SOCIETY

The Morality Play Society, which last year produced under Mrs. Percy Dearmer's management her play, "The Soul of the World," is now rehearsing a new play by the same author, "The Dreamer." A reading of the play will be given on Thursday evening, November 7. The performance of "The Dreamer" will be given on the Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons of the Advent season, beginning on November 29, at the King's Hall Theatre, Covent Garden. The music has been written by Mr. Martin Shaw. Among those taking the principal parts are Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Henrietta Watson, Mr. Otho Stuart, Mr. Harcourt Williams, and Mr. Acton Bond, and there will be a large orchestra and a chorus of a hundred performers. The Egyptian dances have been arranged by Miss Annie Spong. All the tickets for the play (10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d.) are reserved, and can be obtained from the Secretary, Morality Play Society, 7, Elsworthy Road, N.W., from whom also tickets for the Reading (5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.) can be obtained.

Our readers will sympathize very deeply with Mrs. Pertwee in the loss of her husband, who died last week after an operation. Mrs. Pertwee, who, with her sisters, Miss Eva Moore, Miss Decima Moore, and Miss Ada Moore, has worked so long and so gallantly for the Suffrage cause, will continue her work of organising the matinée to be held by the Actresses' Franchise League on November 29, but will not for the present fulfil any speaking engagements.

A LABOUR MEMBER HECKLED

Mr. Philip Snowden was subjected to a running fire of criticism during his speech at a meeting convened by the Men's International Alliance for Woman Suffrage, at the Portman Rooms, on October 24. He took for his subject "a matter which is exciting a great deal of interest; namely, the attitude of the political party with which I am identified to the question." (A voice: "Now you are getting to business.") The future attitude of a party or of an individual might, he thought, be judged by past records, and he was proceeding to survey the history of the I.L.P. and of the Labour Party, and to say that the former had placed in the forefront of its programme equality of men and women, when an interruptor exclaimed, "But it has done nothing!" After this the interruptions were frequent up to the end of Mr. Snowden's speech.

MISS WYLIE IN CANADA

Miss Barbara Wylie's visit to Canada continues to excite great interest in the Press, and the Toronto papers are devoting columns to interviews with her. The *Toronto Daily News* gives the following impression of her:

She is one of those tall, intellectual, aristocratic-looking Englishwomen with the real thing in the way of accents and a Made-in-England hat. A stone-thrower and a hunger-striker by her own confession, the militant missionary would throw with precision and strike after due consideration. Personally, I would bet on her aim being as good as her intentions.

"Have you ever thrown stones?"

"Certainly!" said Miss Wylie, in the tone one would use if questioned as to whether one had read Shakespeare or said one's prayers.

"And have you been in prison?"

"Twice," was the reply. One may hazard that if Miss Wylie lives to be a hundred, goes to Parliament, and gets the Order of the Garter, she will still be proudest of that "twice."

Miss Wylie spoke to a large meeting in the Students' Hall of Trinity College, Toronto, on October 19, and also addressed the Local Council. She is going on to Winnipeg, Calgary, Fort William, and Vancouver.

THE LLANYSTUMDWY OUTRAGE.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday Major Archer-Shee asked if the police at Llanystumdwy had yet arrested any of the persons who assaulted the Suffragettes during the recent meetings addressed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. McKenna: I am informed that no proceedings have yet been instituted in connection with this affair, owing in part to the difficulty in obtaining evidence against the offenders, and in part to the difficulty in obtaining the necessary authority from the persons assaulted for the laying of a complaint on their behalf by the police. The local police further inform me that they hope to be in a position shortly to bring the charges before a Court.

MEDICAL WOMAN TAX RESISTER

The Women's Tax Resistance League held a meeting on Wednesday in last week to protest against the conviction of Dr. Elizabeth Knight, in consequence of her refusing to pay her dog licence. Dr. Knight was summoned at the Hampstead Police Court, but was unable to attend, and she was represented by Miss Nina Boyle, of the Women's Freedom League. The court sentenced Miss Knight to pay a fine of £2 and 5s. 6d. costs, or in default to imprisonment for seven days. Miss Boyle was authorised by the defendant to state that she declined to pay any fines whatever, and consequently the court decreed that Dr. Knight must undergo the severer penalty.

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors,—Will you allow me to announce through your columns that I have retired from the W.S.P.U., and that therefore my engagements to speak are all cancelled.—Yours, &c.,

JANE E. M. BRAILSFORD.

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors,—May I heartily endorse "C. J.'s" letter in your last issue. If you have not received thousands of a like nature it is only because the ideas it expresses are so obvious and universally entertained that it has not occurred to people to express them.—Yours, &c.,

M. B. HANSON.

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors,—Two more friends wish to subscribe to every word of the letter which appears in last week's VOTES FOR WOMEN over the signature of C. J. We would place on record our unswerving loyalty to all the noble leaders of the W.S.P.U., and our regret that a mysterious fate seems to have separated those whom we thought nothing could divide.—Your grateful friends,

Bexhill. C. E. M. and M. G. A.

QUALITY AND VALUE.

A perusal of the illustrated catalogue of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company—which can be obtained post free from 112, Regent Street, London, W.—convinces one that purchasers of Gem Jewellery and Gold and Silver Plate may there obtain the utmost value for their money.—[ADVT.]

A MEDICAL REVOLUTION.

Remarkable New Medicine Supplied to Royalty.

STARTLING CURES BY FAMOUS SCIENTISTS.

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Already Osogen is used in the Royal Household Foremost physicians both here and on the Continent are prescribing it to the exclusion of the older remedies, so that whilst the announcement of its discovery is still fresh in the public mind, the new remedy has created a veritable medical revolution.

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One of the most famous of the world's medical analysts, Dr. G. M. Board, A.M., M.D., says of this combination:—

"By thus combining the two elements (serum and glycero-phosphates) there is produced a therapeutical agent far superior to any one of the constituents when used alone."

Another eminent authority, Professor Augustus Caille, M.D. (consultant to four leading German Hospitals) says of the vegetable part of Osogen: *"The glycero-phosphates are the best modern remedy for nervous fatigue."*

A host of well-known doctors tested Osogen and its separate elements with results that show it to be a remarkable new force with which to combat disease. Professors Fremy and Suzor, of St. Petersburg, Professors Hubbenet and Ursino, of Berlin, and Professor Mariett, of Vienna, are among those who found these elements to be effective in *Anæmia, Influenza, Neurasthenia, and Nervous Disorders, including Nervous Dyspepsia, Debility, Lost Vitality, and Wasting Diseases.*

Osogen is remarkably effective in overcoming the following symptoms:

Lassitude. **Weak Memory.**
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Insomnia. **Nervous Timidity.**
General Weakness. **"Run down feeling."**

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Gradually this combination was brought to perfection, so that its potency is now astonishing even to those who were first to realise its merits.

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Osogen is of inestimable value to the aged, or the prematurely aged and weak from overwork or illness. Those easily fatigued can undergo the most strenuous exertion with ease if a small quantity is taken before beginning work. When tired or worn out a few drops quickly cause a return of energy and revival of spirits. Both men and women find it a marvellous rejuvenator and restorative of the fresh appearance of youth. So well is its efficacy now recognised that Osogen is

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and medical men prescribe it as the new "tonic without reaction," for whilst it feeds the nerve centres, replenishes the blood, and acts as a quick "pick-me-up," no reaction ever follows its use, as is the case with ordinary drug tonics. Doctors attribute its wonderful "bracing-up" effect to the fact that it combines the most vital element of animal life with the powerful rebuilding agents of the vegetable kingdom. Used in conjunction, these literally create new brain power and nerve force.

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I have never used Osogen. Please send a full 2s. 9d. size bottle and descriptive literature, observations of doctors, etc. I enclose 1s. 3d., and will recommend Osogen if I derive benefit.

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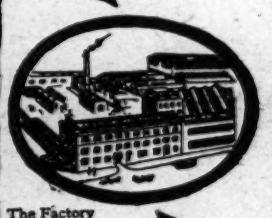

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Material as silk in wear.

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The fact that *every* garment produced in this factory is absolutely genuine and dependable is good reason why you should never go beyond the PESCO make.

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WOMEN AND THE WAR

In an appreciation of Miss M. E. Durham, the war correspondent, which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. C. D. Mackellar gives an interesting account of how Miss Edith Durham averted a war in the Near East last year. It was at the moment when thousands of Albanian refugees had fled over the Montenegrin border to escape from the Turks. King Nikola, who gave them shelter, had the greatest difficulty to restrain his own people from attacking the Turkish army that lay camped on their frontier; and the Powers insisted that the Albanians should go back to their homes. This they refused to do, not believing in the promises of Turkey to leave them unmolested. War appeared imminent when King Nikola sent to Miss Durham for help.

"So the following day," writes Mr. Mackellar, "she addressed those thousands of men, and where all others had failed she succeeded, but their arms had to be conceded to them, and trusting no word but hers, they would only go on the condition that she went with them. So the young Englishwoman led that tattered horde of thousands of wild, half-starved men back into their own land—and in all probability saved a great European war."

The writer continues:—

"Now, as we see in the intervals of her work as a War Correspondent, her idea of rest is cleaning out a filthy Turkish hospital with her own hands and tending its inmates, and riding to and fro to see that all is right. That is characteristic of her. . . . It is nowhere recorded that the Sovereigns of the Great Powers were so grateful to her for averting a big war that they hung pretty Orders all over Miss Durham, though she had certainly earned them."

A Classic Parallel

We are reminded, reading the above, of the account given by Plutarch of the successful mediation of the Celtic women in Italy. "The women," he says, "placing themselves between the armies, took up the controversies, argued them so accurately, and determined them so impartially that an admirable friendly correspondence and general amity ensued, both civil and domestic. Hence the Celts made it their practice to take women into consultation about peace or war, and to use them as mediates in any controversies that arose between them and their allies."

It is to be hoped that by securing the passage of Mr. Snowden's amendment to the Home Rule Bill next Monday, the Irish Nationalists will show that, like their ancestors, they wish to take "their women into consultation."

Woman Spy Shot

It is stated that several Turkish spies have been shot under martial law, and that among them was a woman. —**Central News.**

At Sofia

In the more peaceful aspects of life, too, the same care in making provision to supply all deficiencies is seen. Old women are acting as scavengers in the street, and doing their work carefully and conscientiously, if not with any surprising display of agility.—**Westminster Gazette.**

At Belgrade

In the course of a despatch from Belgrade to the *Daily Express*, Miss Annie Christitch writes:—

Servians are not a church-going people by any means. "God keep Servia" is a popular saying, and the churches are left to take care of themselves on Sundays. But now they are daily packed to overflowing with mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters. Prayer is the only weapon left to the women. Numbers of them applied as volunteers at the War Office, but they were rejected, and so they returned home to the greater heroism of silent watching. These Servian women are heroines. There are no scenes, no weeping, no protests as they bid farewell to their dear ones off to the front. "God bless you and good luck, my boy." Thus a mother parts with her son. Well she knows that she may never see him again, or, if she does, it will perhaps be in a wounded and agonising condition. She does not faint, however. It is a practice unknown in Servia, where centuries of suffering and oppression under the Turkish yoke have taught the women as well as the men to be stoics in the great crises of life.

The last detachment of troops left on Saturday, and now Belgrade is a city of sad-faced women. . . . At the National Theatre patriotic pieces are performed daily by order of the Government. Men's parts are all played by actresses. In a few days, when the wounded are brought to Belgrade, the theatre, like the university and other public buildings, will be turned into a hospital.

During the past weeks the women and girls of Belgrade have been busy with sewing and courses in first aid and in nursing, and their voluntary services have also been accepted in Government offices and in the postal administration.

One of them [the wounded Servians] told me a touching story of a Servian Joan of Arc—a beautiful Belgrade girl of good family—Sophia Yovanovitsch, by name. Stirred by the wave of patriotism which was sweeping through the country, she dressed herself in man's clothing and joined a band of volunteers near Merdari. Her sex remained undiscovered until after the first battle, in which she fought with heroic courage. "We thought she must be a woman because she was so tender to the wounded," my informant said simply. "And now she has been allowed to remain with the band, not as a soldier, but as a nurse." . . .

Nearly all the young women of Servia have joined the Red Cross Service, and are everywhere showing magnificent devotion to their country and their men. —**Mr. George Renwick in the Daily Chronicle.**

From Montenegro

Major E. H. Richardson, who has just returned from a visit to Montenegro, has given an account of his experiences to a morning paper, in the course of which he says:—

In another ward [in the hospital at Cettinje] I saw a young woman lying in a cot seriously wounded. An attendant told me that she had been hit by shrapnel while carrying provisions to her husband in the firing line.

The bravery of the Montenegrin women is unequalled. All the young women, the wives and sweethearts of the soldiers, have gone to the front, and they carry the provisions, do the cooking, wash the linen. The Montenegrins have no Army Service Corps, the men declaring that they regard fighting as the only duty of a soldier, and as there is no transport, the troops are unable to move many miles from the base. All the transport work is done by women, and it is estimated that 5,000 women went to the front. . . .

On the way, passing over a high mountain road, he said, I heard rising from the valley beneath a long-drawn-out wailing sound. It was the women of the village "keening" for their menfolk who had been slain in battle. The sound of their sorrowing rolled up from the valley, and was most heart-breaking to listen to in the clear morning air.

Numbers of Montenegrin women, wearing the long, sleeveless coat and carrying heavy loads—for it is the women who form the real commissariat department of the army—pass along the street, their ranks broken now and then at the creaking of an old-time ox-cart, with wheels 4ft. high, or at the hooting of the most modern motor-car. . . . The women, too, are not behind the men, and, accustomed as they are in ordinary times of peace to the carrying of heavy loads, it is they who take the food to their husbands and brothers at the front.—**The Times.**

A Small Enemy

The *Evening Standard* quotes an amusing story from the *Journal* of a little Turkish girl who was brought a prisoner into the Bulgarian camp. The following dialogue took place between her and the General:—

"What are the Turks doing now in their position?"

"Impatiently expecting you," was the reply.

"Well, but what do you want to do here?"

"I don't want to do anything here; I want to do everything for the Turks."

"Do you know how many Turks there are in the neighbourhood?"

"I believe there are enough to send you flying. But you will soon meet them, and then you can count for yourself."

"Have the Turks enough to eat?"

"Why, of course, or they would be dying of hunger!"

The Bulgarian General sent the small enemy back to her village.

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